

THE FIRST and Second parts of King *Edward the Fourth.*

CONTAINING

His merie pastime with the Tanner
of Tamworth, as also his loue to faire Mistrisse
Shore, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and
lastly the lamentable death of both her and
her husband.

Likewise the besieging of London, by the
Bastard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of
the same by the Lord Maior and the
Citizens.

As it hath diuers times beene publikely played
by the Right Honourable the Earle of
Derbie his seruants.



AT LONDON

Printed by *Humfrey Lowmes*, dwelling on
Bredstreete hill, at the signe of the
Starre. 1613.

THE FIRST

and Second parts of King

Alfred the Great

CONTAINING

the History of the same, with the

Life of King Alfred, and the

History of the Anglo-Saxons, from

the first Invasion of the Island

by the Danes, to the

Conquest of the Island by the

Normans, and the

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Normans, and the



AT LONDON

Printed by Thomas Cressel, dwelling at

St. Dunstons, in the Strand

1727



THE
FIRST AND SECOND
parts of King Edward the fourth.

Contayning his merrie pastime with the Tanner of Tamwoorth, as also his loue to faire
Mistresse Shore, her great promotion, fall
and miserie, and lastly the lamentable
death of both her and her husband.

Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke, the Queene,
the Lord Howard, and Sir Thomas Sellinger.

Dutchesse.

Sonne I tell ye you haue don you know not what.
King. I haue married a woman, else I am deceiued
mother.

Dutch. Married a woman? married indeed,
Here is a marriage that befits a king:
It is no maruaille it was done in hast,
Here is a Bidall, and with hell to boote,
You haue made wayke.

King. Faith mother come we haue indeed, but ere long you
shall see he make wayke for an heire apparant I doubt not,
nay, nay, come come, Gods will what chiding still?

Dutch. O God that ere I liude to see this day.

K. By my faith mother, I hope you shall see the night too,
and in the morning I will be bold to bid you to the Christning
Grandmother and Godmother to a Prince of Wales, tut
mother, tis a stirring world.

Dutch. Haue you sent Warwicke into France for this?

A2

King.

The first part of

King. So by my faith mother I sent Warwicke into France for an other, but this by chance being nearer hand, and coming in the way I cannot tell how, we concluded, and now (as you see) are going about to get a young King.

Dutch. But tell me sonne, how will you answer this?

If possible your rash vnlatfull act,
Should not breed mortall hate betwix the Realmes?
What may the French King thinke when he shall heare
That whilst you lend to entreat about his daughter,
Barely you take a subject of your owne?
What may the Princesse Bona thinke of this?
Our noble Cousin Warwicke that great Lord,
That Center-shaking Thunderclap of warre,
That like a Column propt the house of Poike:
And beare our white Rose brauely in his top,
When he shall heare his embassage abuse,
In this but made an instrument by you,
I know his soule will blush within his bosome,
And shame will sit in Scarlet on his Brow,
To haue his honoz toucht with this soule blemish.
Sonne, sonne, I tell you that is done by you,
Which yet the child that is vnborne shall rue.

King. Tush mother you are deceiued, all true subjects
shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their King borne of a
true English woman, I tell you it was neuer well since we
matched with strangers, so our children haue bene still like
Chicken of the halfe kinde, but where the cock and the henne
be both of one byede, there is like to be birdes of the game:
heare you mother, heare you, had I gone to it by fortune, I
had made your sonnes George and Dicke to haue stroode ga-
ping after the crowne: this wench mother is a widow, and
hath made pzoofe of her valour, and for any thing I know, I
am as like to doe the deed as Iohn Gray her husband was, I
had rather the people prayd to blesse mine heire, then sende
me an heire: hold your peace, if you can see, there was neuer
mother had a towardier sonne, why Cousin Howard and Tom
Sel-

King Edward the fourth.

Sellinger, Heard you euer such a colle about a wife?

How. My Soueraigne Lord with patience beare her spleen,
Your Princely mothers zeale is like a river,
That from the free abundance of the waters,
Breakes out into this inundation,
From her abundant care this rage proceedes,
Ore swolne with the extremity of lons.

Sel. My Lord, my Lord, avoide a womans humors,
If you resist this tumor of her will,
Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,
Untill she lade and dull our eares againe:
Seeme you but foyle for what you haue done,
And straight sheele put the finger in the eye,
With comfort now since it cannot be helpt:
But make you shew to iustifie the act,
If euer other language in her lips,
Then out vpon it, it is abhominable, I dare be hangde,
Say any thing it makes no matter what,
Then thus be wearied with a womans chat.

Dutch. I, I, you are these spaniels of the Court,
And thus you salve and sooth your wanton King,
But Edward hadst thou proude thy matresse,
Thou neuer wouldest haue stainde thy princely state,
With the base leannings of a subjects bed:
So; bozne the blemish of her Bigamie.

A widow? is not a goodly thing,
Grayes children come as the blessing of the King.

Qu. Say I beseech your Grace my Ladie Powke,
Euen as you are a Princesse and a widow,
I thinke not so meanely of my widowhood,
A spotlesse virgin came I first to Gray,
With him I liued a true and faithfull wife:
And since his high Imperiall Potestie,
Hath please to blasse my poore defected state
With the high Soueraigne title of his Queene,
I here protest before the host of heauen,

The first part of

I came as chaste a widow to his bed,
As when a virgin I to Gray was wed.

King. Come, come haue done, now you haue chid enough,
Gods foote, wee were as merrie ere she came, as any people
in Chyffendome, I with the mistris, & these with the maides:
onely we haue no solers at our least. but mother you haue
made a fit of mirth: welcome to Grafton mother, by my
troth you are euen iust come as I wished you here, let vs go
to supper, and in Charitie giue vs your blessing ere wee go to
Bedde.

Dutch. O Edward, Edward, fly and leaue this place,
Wherein pooze Millie King thou art enchanted,
This is her dam of Bedfordswothe her mother,
That hath bewitcht thee Edward my pooze child.
Dishonour not the Princes of thy land,
To make them kindele with reverence at her feet,
That ere thou didst empale with soueraignite,
They would haue scoined to haue looke vpon,
Theres no such difference twixt the greatest Peere,
And the pooze Milles kitchin maide that liues,
As is betwixt thy worthines and hers.

Qu. I do confesse it: yet my Ladie Yorke,
My mother is a dutchesse as you are,
A Princesse borne, the Duke of Bedfords wife,
And as you know, a daughter and a sister,
Vnto the royall blood of Burgundie.
But you cannot so basely thinke of me,
As I doo thinke of these vaine worldly titles,
God from my soole my sinne as farre diuide,
As I am farre from boasting in this pride.

Sel. Adam she is the mirror of her kinde,
Had she but so much spleene as hath a gnat,
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts.
She is a Saint, and Adam you blaspheme,
To wrong so sweet a Ladie.

Dutch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Selling.

King Edward the fourth.

Scl. Adam but that you are my Soueraignes mother,
I would let you know that you wrong a Gentleman.

Howard. Good Cofin Sellinger haue patience,
Her Graces rage by too much violence,
Hath spent it selfe already into fire :

Deere Adam I beseech you on my knee,
Tender that louing kindnesse to the Queene,
That I dare sweare she both in soule to you.

Ed. Well said good Cose, I pray thee make them friends,
why how now Beise, what weepe : nay then she chide you:
what sodaine newes comes by this messenger ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My soueraigne Lord, the bastard Falconbridge,
Of late hath stirr'd rebellion in the South,
Inconraging his forces to deliuer
King Henrie late deposde, out of the Towre.
To him the malcontented commons flocke,
From euery part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
His armie waied thwentie thousand strong,
And as it is supposde by circumstance,
Meane to take London, if not well defended.

Ed. Well let this Phaeton that is mounted thus,
Looke he sit surely, or by Englands George,
He breake his necke, this is no new enation,
I surely thought that one day I should see,
That Bastard Falcon take his wings to mount,
Into our Eagle aerie, me thought I saw,
Blacke discontent sit euer on his brow,
And now I see I calculated well,
Good Cofin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,
This night weele spend in least and solittie.
With our new Queene, and our beloued mother,
To morrow you shall haue a commission,
To raise by powers against this haughtie rebell:
Sicke depart untill you know our pleasure,
You shall conuey the letters backe to London,

Winto

The first part of

Unto the Majors, Aldermen, and our friends,
To supper ready? come by my bonnie Belle,
Welcome mothen, we are all your guests. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falconbridge with his troupe marching, Spicing,
Smoke, Chub, and others.

Fal. Hold drumme.

1. Spi. Hold drumme and be hang'd.

2. Smoke. Hold drumme hold, peace then ho, silence to the
3. proclamation.

1. Spi. You lie you rogue, tis to the Diation.

Chub. Nay then you all lie, it is to the coblication.

Fal. True hearted English and our valiant friends.

All. Ho brane generall isleith.

Spi. Peace there ye rogues, as I will split your chaps.

Fal. Deare countrymen, I publicly proclaime,
If any wronged discontented English,

Toncht with true feeling of King Henries wrongs,

Henry the first the lawfull King of England,

Who by that tyrant Edward the usurper,

Is held a tormented prisoner in the Tower,

If any man that soine would be enfranchise,

From the sad yoke of Popish servitude,

Under which we toyle like naked Gallianes,

Knowe be that Thomas Nevill the Lord Falconbridge,

all. I I, a Falconbridge, a Falconbridge.

Spi. Peace ye clamorous rogues, on Generall an with
your Diation, peace there.

Fal. Wisting King Henries poore distressed case,

Armed with his title, and a noble's zeal,

Takes up his armes against the house of Wyke,

And do proclaime our ancient libertie.

all. Libertie, libertie, libertie, generall libertie.

Fal. We do not rise like Tiler, Cade, and Scrow,

Blewbeard, and other of that rascall rout,

Safely like tinkers, as such wretched names,

King Edward the fourth.

For mending measures, or the price of coine,
Or for some common in the wild of Kent,
That by some greedy cozmozant inclose:
But in the true and ancient lawfull right,
Of the redoubted house of Lancaster.

Our blood is noble, by our birth a Neuill.
And by our lawfull line Lord Falconbridge.
Whose eare is of so dull a leaden temper,
That is not fired with a Neuills name?

All. A Neuill, a Neuill, a Neuill.

Fa. Our quarrell like our selfe is honourable,
The law our warrant.

Smoke. J, J, the law is on our side.

Chub. J, the law is in our owne hands.

Spi. Peace you rogues.

Fa. And more, a blessing by the word propoide,
To those that aske a true annointed King,
Courage byane spirits and crye a Falconbridge.

All. A Falconbridge, a Falconbridge.

Fa. Wee will be masters of the mint our selues,
And set our owne stampe on the golden coine:
Weele chooe our neghing counters with no wozse,
Then the purest siluer that is sold in Chespe.
At Leaden hall weele sell pearles by the pecke,
As now the mealemen vse to sell their meale:
In Westminster weele keepe a solemne court,
And build it bigger to receive our men,
Cry Falconbridge my hearts and libertie.

All. Falconbridge and libertie, &c.

Smoke. Peace ye flanes, or I will smoke ye else.

Chub. Peace ye flanes, or I will chub your chappes: but
indeede thou maist well smoke them, because thy name is
Smoke.

Smoke. Why sirra, I hope Smoke the Smith of Chepsted,
is as good a man as Chub the Chandler of Sandwich.

Spicing. Peace ye rogues, what are you quarrelling? now

The first part of

notullid to captain Spicing.

You know Chesepide, there are the Percers Shops,
Where we will measure belaeft by the pikes:
And stikes and Sattens by the strectes whole bredth:
Where take the Tankards from the Conduitt cockes,
To fill with Iporosse and drinke carowse,
Where chaines of gold and plate shall be as plente,
As wooden dishes in the wild of Bent.

Smoke. Oh bzanely said Ned Spicing, the honestest Lad
that euer pound spice in a moztar: now speakes Capitaine
Smoke.

Looke Lads: for from this hill ye may discerne
The lonely towne which we are marching to,
That same is London Lads ye loke vpon,
Range all arowe my hearts and stand at gaze,
As doe the beards of Deere at some strange sight:
As a troupe of hungrie travellers,
That fire their eyes vpon a furnisht feast,
Loke how the Towze doth tice vs to come on,
To take out Henrie the first thre prisoner,
See how S. Katherines smokes, wipe flours your eyes,
And whet your stomaches for the good mault pie.

Chub. Why then belike I am nobody: roome and annoy-
dance, for now speakes Capitaine Chub.

So sooner in London will we be,
But the Bakers for you, the Brewers for me,
Burchinlane shall sute vs, the Coffermongers fruits vs,
The Poulters send vs in fowle,
And Butchers meat without controule:
And euer when we sup or dine,
The Wintners freely bring vs in wine:
If any body aske who shall pay,
Cut off his head and send him away,
This is Capitaine Chubs law whosoener say nay.

Fal. Bzanely resolute, so march we forward all,
And boldly say, good lucke shall be befall.

Exeunt.

Enter.

King Edward the fourth.

Enter the Lord Maior, M. Shore, M. Ioffeline, in their velvet
coates, and gorgets, and leading staves.

Ma. This is well done, thus should good Cittizens
fashion themselves as well for warre as peace:
Haue ye commanded, that in enery street,
They hang forth lightes as soone as night comes on?
Say Cossin Shore: that was referd to you.

Shore. We haue my Lord, besides from enery hall
There is at least two hundred men in armes.

Ma. It cheares my heart to heare this readines,
Let neuer rebels put true subjects downe,
Come when they will, their welcome shall be such,
As they had better keepe them further off.
But where is Mr. Recorder: his aduice
Must not be wanting in these high affaires.

Sho. About an houre ago, and some what more,
I left him fortifying the bridge my Lord,
Which done he purposed to meete you here.

Ma. A discreet painfull Gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclinde,
If we intend to haue the Citty safe,
We looke for thanks, and credit with the King.
I tell ye masters, aged though I be,
I (for my part) will to no bed this night.

Ioff. Why, is it thought the Bassard is so neare?

Ma. How meane ye M. Ioffeline by neare?
He neither comes from Italie no; Spaine,
But out of Kent, and Essex: which you know,
Are both so neare, as nearer cannot be.

Ioff. Say, by your patience good my Lord a word,
Simple though I am, I must confesse,

A mischief further off, would, and so forth.
You know my meaning, things not seene before,
Are and so forth, yet in good sadness,
I would that all were well, and perchance,

The first part of

It may be so; what were it not for hope,
The heart and so forth, but to the matter,
You meane and purpose, I, I, am sure ye doe.

Ma. Well M. Ioffeline, we are sure ye mean well,
Although somewhat defectus in your utterance.

Iof. I, I, my Lord Mayor, I am you know,
Willing, ready, and so forth: tut, tut, for me, ha ha,
My mansion is at Ham, and thence you know,
I come to helpe you in this needfull time:
When rebels are so busie, and so forth.
What masters, age must neuer be despise,
You shall find me, my Lord, still, and so forth.

Enter Vriswicke the Recorder.

Sho. My Lord, now here comes M. Recorder.

Re. Good euen my good Lord Mayor, the streets are chaine,
The bridge well manned, and euery place prepared.
Shall we now goe together and consult,
What else there is to be determine of?

Ma. Your comming M. Recorder was the thing
We all desired, therefore let vs consult.

And now what say ye, if with halfe our power,
Wee issue forth, and giue the rebels fight?

Recor. Before they doe prouoke vs neerer hand
There were no way to that, if all be please.
Whats your opinion M. Ioffeline?

Iof. Good sooth my L. Maior and M. Recorder,
You may take your choise, but in my conceit,
I lue if you will, or else say if you will,
A man can neuer be too warie and so forth.
Yet as cofine will not be the worst,
Euen so to farris: well, you may thinke more on't,
But all is one, we shall be sure to fight.
And you are wise enough, to lesse your time, I, I, a
Gods name.

Recor. My Lord accept his meaning better then his counsell.

Ma.

King Edward the fourth.

Ma. I, so we do, or else we were to blame.

What if we stoppe the passage of the Thames,
With such provision as we haue of shippes?

Recor. It is doubtfull yet my Lord, whether the rebels
Purpoe that way to seeke our detriment.
Rather we seemeth they will come by land,
And either make assault at London bridge,
Or else at Algate, both which enterances,
Where good they should be strongly fortified.

Ios. Well said master Recorder, you do I, I, I, ye warrant.

Recor. As for the other, the whole companies
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the rest,
Are gathered together for their best defence,
Beside the Towre a neighbor to that place,
As on the one side it will cleere the river,
So on the other with their ordinance,
It may repulse and beat them from the gate.

Ma. What noyse is this? provide ye suddenly:
And every man betake him to his charge. A noyse within.

Enter a Messenger.

Sho. Soft: who is this, how now my friend, what newes?

Mes. My master the Lieutenant of the towre, gives ye to
vnderstand, he hath descried the army of the rebels.

Recor. Which way come they?

Mes. From Essexward, and therefore it is his mind
You guard both Algate well, and Bishopgate.

M. Saint George away, and let vs all resolve,
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout:
Or else our goods, our children and our wives,
We seale our resolution with our liues.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge, Spicing, with his troupes.

Fal. Summon the Citie, and command our entrance:
Which if we shall be stubbornly denied,
Our power shall rush like thunder through the walls.

Sp. Open your gates ladies when I command ye.

Spicing beates on the gates, and then enters the Lord
Maioir

.. The first part of

Maioꝛ and his associates with prentises.

Ma. What he that beats thus at the Little gates,
Commanding entrance as he were a King?

Fal. He that will haue releasement for a King:

I Thomas Neuill the Loꝛd Falconbridge.

Spi. Ho sirra, you, clapperdudgin, vnlocke, vnbolt,
O: ile bolt you if I get in, Rand you preaching with a pore?

Ma. We haue no warrant Thomas Falconbridge,
To let your armed troupes into our Little,
Considering you haue taken by these armes,
Against our soueraigne and our countries peace.

Fal. I tell thee Maioꝛ, and know he tels thee so,
That commeth armed in a Kings defence,
That I craue entrance in King Henries name,
In right of the true line of Lancaster.

We thinke that woꝛde spoke from a Neuills mouth,
Should like an earthquake rend your chained gates,
And teare in peeces your portculleises.
I thunder it againe into your eares,
You stout and hyane couragious Londoners,
In Henries name I craue my entrance in.

R. Should Henries name command thee entrance here,
We should denie allegiance vnto Edward,
Whose true and faithfull subjects we are swoꝛne,
And in whose presence is our swoꝛd by honye.

Fal. I tell the traytoꝛ then thou bearest thy swoꝛd
Against thy true vndoubted King.

Shoꝛe. Nay then I tell the bassard Falconbridge,
My Loꝛd Maioꝛ beares his swoꝛd in his defence,
That put the swoꝛd into the armes of London,
Maids the Loꝛd Maioꝛs for euer after Knights,
Richard, deposed by Henrie Bullingbrooke,
From whome the house of Poꝛke doth claime their right.

Fal. What he that answers vs thus sawcily?

Smo. Sirra your name, that we may know ye hereafter.

Sho. My name is Shoꝛe, a Goldsmith by my trade,

Fal.

King Edward the fourth.

Fal. What, not Shoare that hath the daintie wife,
Shoares wife the flower of London for her beutie?

Sho. Yes rebell, euen the very same.

Spi. Runne rascall and fetch thy wife to our Generall presently, or else all the gold in Cheapside cannot ransom her: wilt thou not stirre when I bid thee?

Fal. Shoare listen me, thy wife is mine thats flat,
This night in thine house she sleepes with me,
Now Crosebie the Lord shall we enter in?

Ma. Crosebie the Lord spake: tels thee proud rebell no.

Fal. No Croseby shall I not? then dotting Lord,
I cramine the name of rebell do tunc thy throat.

Thers not the poojest rascall of my campe,
But if he chance to meete thee in Cheapside,
Upon thy footcloath, he shall make thee light,
And hold his stirrop while he mount thy horse,
Then lackie him which way he please to goe,
Croseye Ile make the Citizens be glad,
To serue thee and the Aldermen thy brethren,
All maniced, and chainte like Gallie slaves,
To ransom them and to redeeme the Cittle.

M. Nay then proud rebell, pause and hear me speak,
Theres not the poojest and meaneest Citizen,
That is a faithfull subject to the King,
But in despite of thy rebellious route,
Shall walke to Bowe, a small wand in his hand
Although thou lie encamped at Spile-end Greene:
And not the proudest rebell of you all,
Shall dare to touch him for his damned soule.
Come wee will pull vp our portcolleises,
And let me see thee enter if thou dare.

Fal. Spoken like a man, and true belnet lacket.
And we will enter or strike by the way. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Recorder, and Ioseline.

M. Wheres master Recorder, and Ma. Ioseline?

Recor. Here my Lord spake, wee now haue mand the
walles

The first part of

walles, and fortified such places as was needfull:

Ma. Why it is well, brothers and Citizens,
Sticke to your Citty as good men should do,
I thinke that in Richards time even such a rebell,
Was then by Walworth the L. Spaij of London,
Slain dead in Smithfield:

I then shew your selves as it befits the time,
And let this find a hundredth Walworths now,
Dare stabbe a rebell were he made of brass,
And Apprentises stick to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now.
God and our King against an arrant rebell,
Brothers away, let us defend our wallen.

1. Pren. My Lorde your wordes are able to inspire
A double courage in a cowardly heart.

I then feare not us although our chynnes be bare,
Our hearts are good, the triall shall be seene,
Against these rebels on this champaign greene.

2. Pren. We have no tricks nor policies of warre,
But by the ancient custome of our fathers,
While soundly lay it on, take off that will,
And London Apprentises be ruled by me,
We ere you lose faire Londons liberty.

S. How now my flatcaps, are ye grown so brags?
Tis but your wordes: when matters come to passe,
Youle scudde as twere a company of sheepe,
My counsaile therefore is to keepe your shops,
What lacke you, better will beseme your mouthes,
Then termes of warre, in sooth you are too young.

Pren. Sirra go to, you shall not find it so,
Flatcaps thou calst us, we scorne not the name,
And shortly by the vertue of our swords,
While make your cap so sit unto your crowne,
As scone and cap and all shall kisse the ground.

2. Pr. You are these desperate idle swaggering mates,
That haunt the suburbs in the time of peace,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And raise vp ale-house byndles in the streete,
And when the rumour of the warre begins,
You hide your heads, and are not to be found.

Pr. Thou termest it better that we keepe our shops.
It's good indeed we should haue such a care,
But yet for all our keeping now and then,
Your pilfering fingers breake into our lockes,
Till at length you acquite the fault.
So to, albeit by custome we are milde,
As those that do profess civilitie,
Yet being mou'd, a nest of angry hornets
Shall not be more offensive then we will,
Weele fly about your ears and sting your hearts.

Ios. He tels you truth my friends, and so sayth.

Fal. Who can endure to be so bynd by boyes?

1 Pr. Say some vs not that we are Pientiles,
The Chronicles of England can reposit,
What memorabill actions we haue done,
To which this dayes atchieuement shall be knit,
To make the volume larger then it is.

Ma. Now of mine honoꝝ, you do cheare my heart.
Hauing English offsprings, valiant resolute.

2 Pr. My Lord returne you backe, let vs alone,
You are our Masters, giue vs leaue to worke,
And if we do not vanquish them in fight,
Let vs go supperlesse to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their
crew.

Spi. Sm. Get thee vp on the top of S. Battolphe
steeple, and make a proclamation.

Sm. What a plague should I proclaim there?

Spi. That the bells be rung backward,
And cutting of throats be cribe haucke,
No more calling of lanterns and candle light,
That maidenhead be valued at nill nothing:
And Sacke be sold by the Gallie.

The first part of

That no piddling slave stand to picke a locke, but slash me off the hinges, as one would slit vp a colvers pannch.

Spicing. Let no man haue lesse then a ware-houle to his warrope: cry a sigge for a Sergeant, and walke by the Counter like a Lord, plucke out the clapper of Bolo bell, and hang vp all the sortons in the Citie.

Smoke. Kantam Scantam, Rogues follow your leader, Cavalero Spicing the maddest slave that ere pound spice in a moxter.

Spi. Take me an Wlurer by the greasy pouch, and shake out his crownes, as a hungrie dog would shake a Daggas, Barre soule play Rogues, and line by honest filching & stealing, he that hath a true finger, let him forsake his face to the fryngpan.

Follow your Leader Rogues, follow your Leader.

Smoke. Assault, Assault, and cry a Falconbridge.

Ioffeline on the walles cries to them.

Iof. Sirra Spicing, if Spicing be thy name, we are here for matters and causes as it might seeme for the King, therefore it were good and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates, or if we be the picklocks, ye Rogues tweelee play the Gallie dogs amongst you: If I toozie not a thousand of you with my teeth, let me be hangd in a pack-hyzed and so forth.

Iof. Send fellows, iustice is to be vsed, I marv is it, and late in some sort as it were is to be followed, oh God forbid else, this our magistrate hath powze as might seeme, and so forth, for dutie is to be obserued, and Officers must be obeyed, in sort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. Weelee talke moze anone good and so forth.

Here is a very fierce assault on all sides, wherein the Prentises do great service.

Enter Falconbridge angrie with his men.

Pa. Why this is to trust to these base Rogues, This durtie scum of rascall polandrerie,

His

King Edward the fourth.

This hartlesse rout of base rascalitie,
A plague vpon you all, you cowardly Rogues:
You crannand curres, you slimp muddie clotones,
Whose courage but consists in multitude,
Like sheep and neat that folloiw one another,
Which if one run away, all folloiw after:
This hedge-bred rascal, this filthy fry of witches,
A vengeance take you all, this tis to lead you,
Now hee you cry and shrike at every thocke,
A hot consuming mischief folloiw you.

Spi. Swounds scale rogues, scale, a Falconbridge,
a Falconbridge.

Enter Lord Maior and histraine.

Ma. Set open the gates, nay then weele sallie out,
It neuer shall be said when I was Maior,
The Londoners were shut vp in the Citie,
Then cry King Edward and lets issue out.

Fal. Now if you be true hearted Englishmen,
The gates set open and the portcollis vp,
Lets Wel Wel in, to stop their passage out,
He that first enters be posses of Cheape,
I giue him it freely, and the chiefest twench.

Spi. That he can finde, let that lie in the bargain.

Exeunt.

The Lord Maior and the Citizens hauing valiantly repulsd
the rebels from the Citie: Enters Falconbridge and Spicing
and their traينه wounded and dismayed.

Spi. Hearest thou Generall, theres hote drinkeing at the
mouth of Bishopsgate, for our soldiers are all wound; they
lie like Rascals with their baines beaten out, therefore since
we are all like to seeds hogs in Houndbitch, let vs retire our
troupes and save our maimed men: or if we issue further, we
are put to the sword every mothers sonne of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villaine in whose damned mouth,
Was neuer heard of any sword but wounds.

The first part of

Whose recreant limbes are notch't with gaping scarres,
Thicker then any carking craft-mans scoze,
Whose verie skulpe is scratcht and crasse and broken,
Like an old mazer beaten on the stones,
And standest thou now to save our maim'd men?
A plague vpon thee toward.

Spi. Why how now base Thomas? Swounds, wert thou
a base Vill, thou art but a rascall and a rebell as I am, den-
rest thou, if I do not turne true Subiect and leane thee, let
mee be woozied with dogs, Swounds dost thou impeach my
manhood? Tom Neuell thou hadst as good to haue damnde thy
selfe as vttered such a word, flatly I forsake thee, and all that
loue Ned Spicing follow me.

Here the rest offer to follow.

Fal. Come, come, pe teastie soole, thou seest me grudge,
Yet canst not beare with mine infirmities.
Thou knowest I hold thee for as tall a man
As any liues or breathes our English ayre,
I know their lines not a moze fierie spirit,
A moze resolu'd ballant, a plague vpon it,
Thou knowest I loue thee: yet if a word escape
My lips in anger, how teastie then thou art?
I had rather all men leste me then thy selfe,
Thou art my soole, thou art my Genius:
I cannot liue without thee nor an hower,
Thus must I still be forc'd against my will, afide.
To sooth this durstie floure, this cowardly rascall.
Come, come, be friends, pe teastie firebrand,
We must retire there is no remedy.

Sp. Nay To, if thou wilt haue me mount on the trais,
And call my selfe to some headlong on their pikes,
He doth, but to impeach my valour,
Had any man but thou spoke halfe so much,
I would haue split his heart, still betwene
My valour, such words go hardly to wone,
Well, I am friends, thou thoughtst not as thou spakest.

Fal.

King Edward the fourth.

Fal. So on my soule, thou thinkest not that I do,
Sound a retreat there I command ye straight,
But whither shall we retire?

Spi. To Spileend Greene, there's no fitter place.

Fal. Then let vs hache retire to Spileend Greene,
And there expect fresh succour from our friends,
With such supply as shall ere long assure
The title is our owne, march on, away.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Maior with his traine and Prentises.

Maior. We haue bestird you like good Citizens,
And shewne your selues true subiects to your King,
You worthily prentises bestird your selues,
That it did cheere my heart to see your valour,
The rebels are retired to Spileend Greene.

R. Where so we may not suffer them to rest,
But liue forth vpon them with fresh foice.

Ios. By R. Maior, diligence doth well, and so forth,
Matters must be looked into as they ought, interde
should they, when things are well done, they are,
and so forth, for causes and things must indeede be
lookt into.

Ma. Well sir, we very well conserue your meaning,
And you haue shewne your selfe a worthy gentleman:
See that our wals be kept with courtes of guard,
And well defended against the enemy,
For we will now withdraw vs to Guild hall,
To take aduise what further must be done.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Shoare, and Iane his wife.

Shoare. Be not afraid (sweet heart) the worst is past,
God haue the praise, the victory is ours.
We haue preuailed, the rebels are repulsed,
And every streete of London soundeth loy.
Canst thou then (gentle Iane) be sad alone?

Iane. I am not sad now you are here with me.

The first part of

My toy, my hope, my comfort, and my lone,
My deere, deere husband, kindest Mathew Shoare,
But when these armes the circles of my soule,
Were in the fight so farward as I heard,
How could I chuse, sweet heart, but be afeard?

Sho. Why dost thou tremble now, when perils pass?

Ia. I thinke vpon the horrors of the time,
But tell me why you fought so desperately?

Sho. First to maintaine King Edwards royaltie,
Next to defend the Cities libertie,
But chiefly Iane to keepe thee from the soile
Of him that to my face did bow thy spoile.
Had he prevaild, where then had beene our lines,
Dishonored our daughters, ravished our faire Wines,
Possess our goods, and set our servants free,
Yet all is nothing to the losse of thee.

Ia. Of me sweet heart? why how should I be lost?
Where I by thousand frownes of fortune tost,
And should endure the poorest wretched life,
Yet Iane will be thy honest loyall wife,
The greatest Prince the sunne did ever see,
Shall neuer make me prone vntrue to thee.

Sh. I feare not fair meanes, but a rebels force.

Ia. These hands shall make this body a dead corse,
Ere force or flattery shall mine honour stain.

Sh. True same surpines, when death the flesh hath stain.

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Of. God save ye master Shore, we wait by your leave,
Sir my L. Maior sends for you by me,
And prays your speedy presence at Guild hall,
Theres newes the rebels haue made head againe,
And haue enconced themselves vpon Moleend,
And presently our armed men must out,
You being Captaine of two companies
In honour of your valour and your skill,

King Edward the fourth.

Must lead the wayward, God on right stand with thee.

Sh. Friend tell my Lord he waite vpon him strait,

Ia. Friend tell my Lord he does my husband wrong

To set him foremost in the danger still,

He shall not goe if I may haue my will.

Sh. Peace wife, no more, friend I will solote ye. Exit.

Ia. I saith ye shall not, yethee do not goe.

Sh. Not so sweet heart: that were a cowards trich,

A traitors part to thinke when others fight,

Enue shall neuer say that Marheuo Shoare

The Goldsmith said, when other men went out,

To meete his kings and countries enemies,

So lane, against all the rebels on this land,

I dare alone B. Edwards right defend.

Ia. If you be slain what shall become of me?

Sh. Right well my wench, inowe will marry thee,

I leaue thee worth at least five thousand pound.

Ia. Marry againe & that word my heart both wound,

I leaue neither marry nor I will not line. She weepes.

If you be kild, let me go with thee Mar.

Sh. Tis idle talke good lane, no more of that.

Go to my Lady Maioresse and the rest,

As you are still companion with the best,

With them be merie, and pray for our good speed.

Ia. To parte from thee my very heart both bleed.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupe marching as being at Mile-end.

Pa. Yet stand we in the sight of bearded Troy,

And such the apte the drawes: our very breath

Flies from our nostrils warme into the wall,

Wile heart her hisling spires, her battled towres,

And proudly stand and gaze her in the face,

Looke on me, and I doubt not ye imagine

My worth as great as any one of yours.

The first part of

My fortunes, would I basely satune on Edward,
To be as faire as any man in England,
But he that keeps your soueraigne in the towe,
Hath seazed my land, and robbd me of my right:
I am a gentleman as well as hee,
What he hath got, he holds by treachery,
Pretend if you faint, you cowardly should be,
There is no hope for any one to live,
We heare the Londoners will leaue the Citie,
And bid vs battell here on Millicens Greene,
Whom if we vanquish, then we take the towne.
And ride in triumph thow to Cheape to Pauls,
The Spire is ours, Cheape, Lombard Street our owne,
The meanest souldier wealthier then a King.

Spi. March take ye rogues, all things by capnitters:
dost thou heare, Tom Falconbridge? I prece the grant me one
boone I shall aske thee.

Fal. What is it Ned? Its hard I should denie thee.

Spi. Why that when we haue wonne the Citie, as we can
not chuse but winne it, that I may haue the knighting of all
these rogues and rascalles.

Fal. What then?

Spi. What then? Zounds I see no your scarle lapp mon-
thod, what then? now a por take me if I fight a blow.

Fal. Why this is fine, go to, knight whome thou wilt.

Spi. Who, I knight any of them? He see them hanged first
for a company of tattered ragged rascalles, If I were a King
I would not knight one of them.

Chub. What, not me Canallero Chub?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee: and yet hee see thee
hanged ere hee honour thee so much: I care not so much for
the matter, but I would not be denie my humour.

Fal. Why what a puerile fellow art thou Ned?

Spi. Ho my fine Tom, my hyane Falconbridge, my mad
Gyerke, my lustie Newill, thou art a King, a Cesar, a plague
on thee, I loue thee not, and yet I lade with thee.

Enter

King Edward the fourth.

'Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Ioffeline, Shoare,
and their souldiers marching.

Maior. See how rebellion can exalt it selfe,
Dunneing the feathers of sicke discipline.

Recor. They thinke they can out looke our truer lokes.

Sho. Marke but the soze full eye of Falconbridge.

Ma. I rather thinke tis feare vpon his cheekes,
Decpyphers pale disturbance in his heart.

Iof. Our conning soth hath, well, I say no moze,
But shall we take occasion, and so soth.

Rebellion should haue no respite, oh my Lord,
The time hath been, but is all one soz that.

Spi. How like a troupe of ranke oze-ridden lades,
Yon bushie bearded Cittizens appeare?

Chub. Nay, rather so many men in the Poone,
And enery one a surzen bush in his mouth.

All. The foure and twentie wards, now faire befall them:
Would any one haue thought befoze this boore,
There had beene such increase of muddy slauers?

Spi. Deare souldiers, they are resolute you see,
And not to flatter vs, noz satioz them,
Such hanghty stomakes seldome haue bern saine
Embodied in the byests of Cittizens.

How sternly in their owne pecoliar strength,
Withhout the assistance of their lingring King,
Did they of late repulse vs from their wals?

And now againe how expeditiously,
And vnerpected they haue met vs here:
Where we moze deadly incensed then we are,
I would not but commend their chiuallrie.

Smo. Captaine shall wee go challenge them to fight?
Shoud we burne daylight, theile thinke anon,
We are affraid to see there glittering woordes.

Ch. Tell them they come in stead of pudding pies,
And Stratford cakes to makes a banquet here.

Fal. Soft giue me leane, I will deuill with woordes,

The first part of

To weaken and abash their fortitude.

Re. The bassard offers to come forth my Lord.

Ma. I am the man intend to answer him.

Fa. Crosbie.

Ma. Traitor.

All. Traitor & wounds do wone with him.

Fa. Be patient, give me leave I say to speake.

I doubt not but the traytors name shall rest
With those that keep their lawfull li. in bonds:
Mean time ye men of London once againe,
Behold my warlike colours are displaide,
Which I haue vowed shall neuer be wapt vp,
Untill your lostie buildings kille our feet,
Unless you grant me passage through your streets.

Re. Passage, saist thou? that must be oze our breasts,
If any passage thou art like to haue.

Fa. Why then vpon your bodies I will tread,
And wade through standing pooles of your lost blood.

Sh. We know thy threats, and recon them as wind,
Not of sufficient powze to shake a reede.

Spi. But we shooke your gates not long agoe,
And made your walles to shake like ysthy bagges.

Chub. I, and so terrified ye, that not one of ye durst come
to fetch a pinte of sacke at the mouth at Bishopsgate, no not
for your liues.

Iof. I but you know what followed, and so forth.

Spi. Et cetera: are you there? me thinks the sight of the
dun Bull, the Neuils honozed cress, should make you leane
your broken sentences, and quite forget euer to speake at
all.

Sho. Pay then looke thou vpon our Cities armes,
Wherein is a bloody dagger, that is it,
Wherewith a rebell like to Falconbridge,
Had his desert, meet for his trecherie,
Can you behold that, and not quake for feare?

Re. Since when, it is successinely decreed,

Traitors

King Edward the fourth.

Traitors with vs shall neuer better speed.

Spi. Captaines and fellows soldiers talke no more,
But draw your meaning forth in down right blows.

Fal. Sound then alarm.

Maio. Do the like for vs: and where the right is,
there attend successe.

Ios. Stay and be better aduise: why countermen,
What is this Falconbridge you follow so?

I could instruct you, but you know my mind.

And Falconbridge what are these rusticals,

Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse,

Shall I informe thee? no, thou art wise enough,

Edward of York he delays the time you say,

Therefore he will not come, imagine so,

The Citie sweake, hold that opinion still,

And your pretence King Henries liberty.

True, but as how? Shall I declare you? no.

What then? poule fight, a Gods name take your choice:

I can no more but giue you mine aduise.

Fal. Away with this parentheses of words.

Crosbie, Courage thy men: and on this Greene,

Whose cause is right, let it be quickly seene.

Maio. I am as ready as thou canst desire,

On then a Gods name.

They fight, the rebels drue them back: then

Enter Falconbridge and Spicing.

Fal. This was well fought, now Spicing list to me,

The Citizens thus hauing giuen vs ground,

And herfey somewhat daunted, take a hand

Of Essex soldiers, and with all the speede

Thou possibly canst make, withdraw thy selfe,

And get between the Citie gates and them.

Spi. Oh Tom Neuill, gallant Falconbridge,

I am at thy intended policie,

The first part of

This is my meaning: while thou art imployde,
And holdst them battaile here on Spileend Green,
I must provide as harbinger before,
There be not onely cleere and open passage,
But the best Marchants houses to receive
Us and our retinue, I am proud of that,
And will not sleep upon thy iust command.

Fal. Away then. I will follow as I may,
And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

After some excursions, enter Lord Maior
and Master Shoare.

Ma. We have recovered what before we lost,
And heaven stands with the iustice of our cause,
But this I noted in the sight even now,
That part of this rebellious crew is sent,
By what direction, or for what intent,
I cannot ghesse, but may suspect the worst,
And as it seemes they compass it about,
To hemme vs in, or get the gate of vs.
And therefore Collin Shoare, as I repose
Trust in thy valour and thy loyalty,
Draw forth thy hundred bolomen, and some pikes,
And presently encounter their assault.

Sho. I haue your meaning, and effect my Lord,
I trust shall disappoint them of their hope.

After an alarum, Enter Spicing with a drum
and certaine Souldiers.

Sp. Com on my harts, we will be kings to night,
Caroule in gold, and sleepe with marchants wines,
While their pooze husbands loose their lines abroad,
We are now quite behind our enemies backs,
And theres no let or hinderance in the way,
But we may take possession of the towne,
Ah you mad rogues, this is the wished houre,
Follow your leader and be resolute.

King Edward the fourth.

As he marcheth, thinking to enter, Shoare and his souldi-
ours issue forth and repulse him, after excursions, wherein
the rebels are disperst. Enter Maior, Rec. Sho. Ios. and a
Messenger talking with the Maior.

Ma. I my good friend, to certifie his grace,
The Rebels are disperst all and fled,
And now his Highnes meets with victoꝝ. Exit. Mess.
Marshall your selues, and keepe in good arsy:
To adde moꝝe gloꝝy to this victoꝝ:
The King in person cometh to this place,
How great an honour haue you gaind to day?
And how much is this Title samde for euer,
That twise without the helpe either of King,
Or any, but of God, and our owne selues,
We haue preuailld against our countries foes:
Thanks to his maiestie assisted vs,
Who alwaies helps true subiects in their need.

The Trumpets sound, then enters King Edward, L.
How. Sellenger and the traine.

King. Where is my Lord Spald?

Ma. Here dead Soveraigne.

I hold no Lordship nor indignitie,
In presence of my gracious Lord the King,
But all I humble at your highnes seete,
With the most happy conquest of proud rebels,
Disperst and fled, that now remains no doubt,
Of ever making head to here no moꝝe.

King. You haue not taken the bastard Falconbridg:
Or is he slaine?

Ma. Neither, my gracious Lord.

Although we laboord to our uttermost.

Yet all our care came ouer short,

For appꝛehending him or Spicing either:

But some are taken, others on proffered grace

D 3

Perlden

The first part of

Peel'd themselves, and at your mercy stand.

K. Thanks good L. Spauz, you may condempne vs
Of too much slacknes in such hygent need;
But we assure you on our ropall word,
So soone as we had gathered vs a power,
We dallied not, but made all haste we could.
What order haue ye tane for Falconbridge,
And his confederates in this rebellion?

Ma. Under your leaue my Liege, we haue pro-
Who byingeth Falconbridge a line or dead, (claimd
Shall be requited with a thousand markes,
As much for Spicing, others of lesse worth
At easer rates are let.

K. Well haue ye done,
And we will see it paid from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this, and come to you,
That haue so well deseru'd in these affaires,
Affaires, I meane of so maine consequence.
Kneele downe and all of you receiue in field,
The hono; you haue merited in field.

There he draws his sword and knights them.
Arise Sir Iohn Crosbie, L. Spauz of London and Knight.
Arise Sir Ralfe Iosseline Knight.
Arise Sir Thomas Vrswicke our Recorder of London, and
Knight.

Now tell me which is M. Shoare.

Ma. This same my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with Falconbridge.

King. Shoare kneele thou downe.

What call you else his name?

Recor. His name is Mathew Shoare my Lord.

K. Shoare, Why kneelest thou not, & at thy Soueraignes
hand receiue thy right?

Shoare. Pardon me my gracious Lord,
I do not stand contemptuous or despising
Such ropall fauour of my Soueraigne,

King Edward the fourth.

But to acknowledge mine vnworthines:
Farre be it from the thought of Mathew Shoare,
That he should be aduanc'd with Aldermen,
With our L. Psaloz, and our right grane Recorder.
If any thing hath been perfozmd by me,
That may deserue your Highbnes meane respect,
I haue inough, and I desire no moze,
Then let me craue that I may haue no moze.

King. Well, be it as thou wilt, some other way,
We will deuise to quittance thy deserts,
And not to faile therein vpon my word:
Now let me tell ye all my friends at once,
Your King is married since you sawe him last:
And haste to helpe you in this needfull tyme,
Made me on sudden to forsake my byde.
But seeing all things are fallen out so well,
And there remaines no further doubt of ill,
Let me entreate, you would goe boote your selues,
And bring your King a little on his way.
How say you my Lord, shall it be so?

Ma. Now God forbid, but that my Lord the King
Should alwaies haue his subiects at command.

Ios. Forbid quotha? I in good sadnes, your maiesty
Shall finde vs alwaies ready, and so forth.

King. Why then set forthward Gentlemen:
And come L. Psaloz, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge and Spicing with their
weapons in their hands.

Spi. Art thou the man whose victozies drawn at sea,
Fild every heart with terroz of thy name?
Art thou that Nevill whom we tooke thee for?
Thou art a louse, thou bastard Falconbridge,
Thou baser then a bastard, in whose birth
The very dyegs of seruitude appeare,
Why tell me, liuer of some rotten sheep,

After.

The first part of

After by thy allorments we are brought,
To undertake this course, after thy promises
Of many golden mountains to ensue,
Is this the greatest comfort thou canst give?
Hast thou ensnarde our heedlesse feet with death,
And brought vs to the Jebbet of defame,
And now dost bid vs shift and save our selues?
No craven, were I sure I should be tane,
I would not stirre my feet vntill this hand
Had hanged me on thee for misguiding vs.

Fal. Opprobrious villaine, stable excrement,
That neuer dreamst of other manhood yet,
But how to serke a hoyle, vntill my word
Inslude into thee resolutions fire.
Controlst thou me for that wherein thy selfe,
Art onely the occasion of mishap?
Hast thou and they stood to it as well as I,
The day had been our own, and London now,
That laughs in triumph, should haue wept in tears,
But being backt by such fainted harted flanes
No maruaille if the Lion go to wacke,
As though it were not incident to kings,
Sometime to take repulse, mine is no more:
For is it for that muddie bryne of thine
To tute; me how to digest my losse.
Then fly with those that are already fled,
Or stay behinde, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Of prejudice to Spicing: conquering name,
Whose balo; even the backs this sword has made
Upon the flint, and ppon barres at Algate,
Like mouthes, will publish whiles the Citty stands:
That I shunke backe: that I was neuer seene
To shew my manly spleene. but with a whip:
I tell thee Falconbridge the least of these,
Do challenge blood before they be appeale.

Fal. Away ye scoundrell, tempt not my resolute,

King Edward the fourth.

The courage that suruines in Falconbridge,
Scornes the incounter of so base a bridge.

Spi. By the pure temper of this sword of mine,
By this true flesh and blood that gripes the same,
And by the honour I did winne of late,
Against those frostie bearded Citizens,
It shall be tride before we do depart,
Whether accuseth other wrongfully,
Or which of vs two is the better man.

Fal. I shall but quite the hangman of a labour,
Yet rather then to be vpheld thus,
The eagle once will swope to feed on carion.

They fight: Enter Chub.

Ch. Hold if ye be men, if not, hold as ye are: rebels & strong
theenes: I bring ye newes of a proclamation, the King hath
promised that whosoener can bring the head of Falconbridge
or Spicing, shall haue for his labour a thousand crownes, what
meane you then to swagger & saue your selues.

Spi. This proclamation comes in happy time,
He vanquish Falconbridge, and with this sword
Cut off his head and beare it to the King.
So not alone I shall be pardoned,
But haue the thousand crownes is promised.

Fal. This rascall was ordained to saue my life,
For now when I haue overthrowne the wretch,
Euen with his head he yeeld me to the King,
His princely worde is past to pardon me,
And though I were the chiefe in this rebellion,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.

Ch. That I knew how to betray them both.

Fal. How saist thou Spi. wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?
For I haue holued either aliue or dead
To bring thee to King Edward.

Spi. And I haue holued the like by thee.
How will these two bad contraries agree?

Chub. And I the same by both of you.

The first part of

Fal. Come sir, Ile quickly rid you out of that care.

Spi. And what thou lovest me shall be thy share.

Chub. Here comes a Miller : helpe to part the fray,
These are the rebels Falconbridge and Spicing,
The worst of them is worth a thousand crownes.

Mill. Parle and such a bootie would I haue,
Submit, submit, it is in vaine to strine. Exit Fal.

Spi. Why what art thou ?

Mill. One that will hammer you,
But whats the other that is fled away ?

Chub. Oh Miller, that was Falconbridge,
And this is Spicing his companion.

Spi. I tell thee Miller thou hast benee the meanes,
To hinder the most charitable deed,
That euer honest Christian undertooke.

Chub. Thou canst beare me witness I had tane
That most notozious rebell but for him.

M. But I haue taken thee, and the world knowes,
That Spicing is as bad as who is best.

Spi. Why thou mistakst, I am a true subiect.

Chub. Miller he lies, be sure to hold him fast.

Spi. Dost thou accule me : apprehend him too,
For hees as guilty as any of vs.

Mill. Come you shall both together answer it,
Before my Lord Maior, and here he comes.

Enter Lord Maior, Iosseline, and other attendants.

Ma. Sir Ralph Iossel. haue you euer seen a Prince more as-
fable then Edward is ? what merie talke he had vpon the way.

Io. Doubtlesse my Lord heele proue a Royall King.
But how now what are these ?

Mill. God saue your honour,
Here I present vnto my Lord Maior,
A paire of rebels whom I did espie
As I was busse grinding at my mill,
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had beset some true man from his house,

King Edward the fourth.

I came to keepe the peace, but afterward,
I found that it was the bastard Falconbridge,
And it is his mate together by the eares,
The one, for all that I could do escapt,
The other standing at your mercie here.

Ma. It is the rebell Spicing.

Spi. It is indeed.

I see you are not blind, you know me then.

Ma. Well miller, thou hast done a subjects part,
And woorthily deseruist that recompence
Is publickely proclaimed by the King,
But whats this other? I haue seene his face,
And as I take it, he is one of them.

Mill. I must confesse, I tooke them both together:
He ayded me to apprehend the rest.

Chub. A telles you true my Lord, I am Chub the Chand-
ler, and I curse the time that euer I saw their faces, for if they
had not beene, I had liued an honest Man in mine owne
countrie, and neuer come to this.

Spi. Out rogue dost thou feecant for feare of death?
I spaiol, I am he that sought to cut your throate.
And since I haue miscaried in the fact,
I le nere deny it do the worst you can.

Ma. Wring him away, he shall haue martiall law,
And at the next tree we do com vnto,
Be hangde to rid the world of such a wretch.
Miller thy duty is a thousand markes,
which must be sharde between thee and this poore fellow,
that did reueale him. And sirra, your life is saued on this con-
dition, that you hang vp Spicing: how saist thou, wilt thou
do it?

Chub. Will I do it? what a question is that? (liffe.)
I would hang him if he were my father, to saue mine owne

Ma. Then when yee haue done it, come home to my house,
and there ye shall be truly rewarded.

Spi. Well sirra then must thou be my hangman?

The first part of

Chub. I by my troth sir for fault of a better.

Sp. Well commend me to little Pin, and pray her to redeme my pound hose, they lie at the blew Boze for eleven pence, and if my hostesse will haue the other on penie, tell her she is a damned haide, and there is no truth in her scoze.

Chub. Take no thought sir for your pound hose, they are lowse and not worth the redeming.

Sp. There is a Constable stickes in my minde, he got my sword from me, that night I should haue killed black Ralph: if I had liude, I would haue bin meet with him.

Chub. I sir, but heres a thing shall take an order for that.

Sp. Commend me to blacke Luce, bounding Wesse, a lusty Kate, and the other pretty moyzels of mans flesh. Farewell Pinke and Pinnesse, Flibote, and Caruall, Turnball, and Spittle, I die like a man.

Chub. Oh Captaine Spicing, thy vaine enticing
brought me from my trade.

From good candles making, to this paines taking,
a rebell to be made.

Therefore Ned Spicing, to quit thy enticing,
this must be thy hope,

By one of thy fellows, to be led to the Gallows,
to end in a rope.

Exeunt.

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs. Dudgeon, dost thou heare, looke well to Brocke my mare, vaine Darnie and her faire and softly downe the hill, and take heede the hoznes teare not the hoznes of my Cowe hides, as thou goest neare the hedges: ha what sayst thou knaue: is the Bulles hide dotone: why lay it by againe, what care I? He meet thee at the stile, and helpe to set all straight. And yet God helpe, its a creaked world, and an vnthriftie, for some that haue nere a shewe, had rather go bare soote, then buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new, for they haue time enough to mend all, they sit so long betwixne the cup and the wall, well god amend them, God amende them. Let me see by my executo; heere, my leacher pouch,
what

King Edward the fourth.

what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained,
what I haue lost, & what I haue laid out: my taking is moze
then my spending, for heres noze left. I haue spent but a
groat, a penie for my two lades, a penie to the poore, a penie
pot of ale, and a penie cake for my man and me, a ditcher of
Colwides cost me.

Here enter the Queen and Dutchesse with their riding rods,
vnpinning their masks, Hobs goes forward.

Snalles who comes heere? mistress Ferries, or mistress what
call ye her? Put by Iohn Hobs, money tempts beauty.

Du. Well met good fellow, saist thou not the hart?

Ho. My heart? God blesse me from seeing my heart.

Du. Thy heart? the deere, man, we demand the deere.

Hobs. Do you demand whats deere? mary cozne & colw-
hides, passe a good smug lasse, well like my daughter Nell, I
had rather then a bend of leather she and I might smutch to-
gether.

Dutchesse. Camst thou not dozne the wood?

Hobs. Yes mistress that I did.

Dutch. And saist thou not the deere imboe?

Hobs. By my hood ye make me laugh, what the dickens is
it loue that makes ye prate to me so fondly, by my fathers
soule I would I had fobs faces with you.

Huntf. Why how now Hobs, so saucie with the Dutchesse
and Queene?

Hobs. Much Queene I trow, these be but women, and one
of them is like my wench, I would she had her rags, I
would giue a load of haire and hoynes, and a sat of leather, to
match her to some Justice, by the meg hollie.

2 Huntf. Be silent Tanner, and aske pardon of the Queen.

Hobs. And ye be the Queen, I cry ye mercy good mistress
Queene.

Queen. No fault my friend, Adam lets take our bowes,
And in the standing seeks to get a shoote.

Dutchesse. Come bend our bowes, and hying the herd of
deere.

Exeunt.

Hobs.

The first part of

Hobs. God send ye good standing, and good striking, and sat fleshy, see if all Gentlewomen be not a like when their blacke faces be on, I tooke the Quene, as I am true Tanner, for missis Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in Greene.

Hobs. Soft, who comes here, moze knaves yet?

Sel. Ho good fellow, sawst thou not the King?

Hobs. Ho good fellow, I saw no King: which King doost thou aske for?

How. Why King Edward: what King is there else?

Hobs. Theres another King and ye could hit on him, one Harrie, one Harrie, and by our Lady they say hees the honestest man of the two.

Sel. Sitra beware you speake not treason.

Hobs. What if I do?

Sel. Then thoult be hangde.

Hob. A dogs death, ile not meddle with it. For by my troth I know not when I speake treason, when I do not, theres such halting betwixt two Kings, that a man cannot goe bpright but he shall offend tone of them, I would God had them both for me.

How. Well, then saist not the King?

Hob. No, is he in the country?

How. Hees hunting here at Drayton Basses.

Hob. The diuell he is, God blesse his Pastership: I saw a woman here that they said was the Quene, hees as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as euer I see.

Sel. Farewell fellow, speake well of the King. Exeunt.

Hob. God make him an honest man, I hope thats well spoken, for byth moule soot, some gine him hard words, whether he zerues him or not, let him looks to that, ile meddle of my colwhide, and let the world slide.

Enter the King disguised.

The diuell in a dung cart, how these rascals swarme in the countrie now the King is so neere? God liue me from this, for this lookes like a theefe, but a man cannot tell amongst these

King Edward the fourth.

these Courtiers whose true.

K. Ed. Holla my friend, good fellow p'ee thee say.

Hob. No such matter, I haue more haste of my way.

K. Ed. If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hob. My purse thou meanest, I am no good fellow, and I pray God thou beest not one.

K. Ed. Why? dost thou not loue a good fellow?

Hob. No, good fellows be threenes.

K. Ed. Dost thou thinke I am one?

Hob. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghostly father.

K. Ed. I meane thee no harme.

Hob. Who knoweth that but thy selfe? I pray God he spie not my purse.

K. Ed. On my troth I meane thee none.

Hob. Upon thy oth ile say: now what saist thou to me? Speake quickly, for my companie staies for me beneath at the next stile.

K. Ed. The King is hunting hereabouts, didst thou see his spawleie?

Hob. His spawleie, whats that? his horse or his mare?

K. Ed. Tush, I meane his Grace.

Hob. Grace quoth a? pray God he haue any: which King dost thou quire for?

K. Ed. Why for King Edward, knowest thou any more Kings then one?

Hob. I know not so manie, for I tell thee I know none, manie I heare of King Edward.

K. Ed. Didst thou see his Highnesse?

Hob. By my hollidame, thats the best tearme thou gaust him yet, hees high enough, but he has put poore King Harrie low enough.

K. Ed. How low hath he put him?

Hob. Say I cannot tell, but he has put him down, for he has got the crowne, much good doot him with it.

K. Ed. Amen. I like thy talke so well, I would I knew thy

Hob. Dost thou not know me?

(name.)

K. Ed.

The first part of

K. Ed. *Re.*

Hobs. Then thou knowest no body: didst neuer heare of Iohn Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth?

K. Ed. Not till now I promise thee, but now I like thee wel.

Hobs. So do not I thee, I fear thou art some out-ryder that lyes by taking of purses here on Ball. heath, but I feare thee not, for I haue wared all my money in Colwides, at Colcill market, & my man & my mare are hard by at the hill side.

K. Ed. Is that thy grey mare thats tied at the stile with the bides on hir backe?

Hobs. Thats Brocke my mare, & theres Dunne my nag, and Dudgeon my man.

K. Ed. Theres neither man nor horse, but onely one mare.

Ho. Gods blew budkin, has the knave serud me so farsewel: I may lose bides, hozns, & mare & all, by prating with thee.

K. Ed. Tarry man, tarry, theise soner take my gelding then thy gray mare, for I haue tied mine by her.

Hobs. That will I see afooe Ile take pour woord.

K. Ed. Ile beare thee company.

Hobs. I had as lieue goe alone.

Excunt.

Enter the two Huntsmen againe with the bowes.

1 Hunt. Now on my troth the Queene shoots passing well.

2 Hunt. So did the Dutches when she was as young.

1 Hunt. Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wids & short.

2 Hunt. What haue they giuen vs?

1 Hunt. Sir rose nobles iust.

2 Hunt. The Queene gane foure.

1 Hunt. True and the Dutches twaine.

2 Hunt. Where we euer so paide for our paine?

1 Hunt. Tut, had the King come, as they said he would, he would haue rained vpon vs showres of gold.

2 Hunt. Why he is hunting somewhere here about, lets first go drinke, and then go seeke him out.

Excunt.

Enter King Edward againe, and Hobs.

K. Ed. How saist thou Tanner, wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Hobs.

King Edward the fourth.

Ho. Courser callst thou him? so ill mought I fare, thy shiftish iade will neither abide to carry my letter, my harnes nor hide. But if I were so mad to scoyce, what boots wouldst thou giue me?

K. Ed. Say wote, that wote worthis, I loke for wote of thee.

Hob. Ha, ha, a merry jigge, why man, Byrke my mare knowes ha and ré, and will stand when I cry so, and let me get up and down, and make water when I doe.

K. Ed. He giue the a noble if I like her pace, lay thy Colwices in my saddle, and lets tog towards Wypton.

Hob. It is out of my way, but I begin to like thee well.

K. Ed. Thou wilt like me better before we doe part,

I pray thee tell me what say they of the King? (thee?)

Hob. Of the Kings thou meanst, art thou no blab if I tell

K. Ed. If the King knows not now, he shall neuer know it for mee.

Hob. Whatte they say King Harrie's a very aduowtry man.

K. Ed. A deuout man: and whats King Edward?

Hob. Hees a franke franton, a merry companion, e lones a wench well, they say he has married a poxe widow because thees faire.

King. Dost thou like him the worse for that?

Hob. No by my seckens, but the better, for though I be a plaine Tanner, I loue a faire lassie my selfe.

King. Does thee tell me, how lone thy King Edward?

Hob. Faith as poxe folks loue hollidaies, glad to haue them now e then, but to haue them come so often, will vnder them: so to see the King now and then tis comfort, but every day would begger vs, e I may say to thee, we leare we shalbe troubled to lend him money, for we doubt hees but needy.

King. Wouldst thou lend him no money if he should need?

Hob. By my hollidome yes, he shall haue halfe my stoze, e he sell sole leather to helpe him to moze.

King. Faith whether lonest thou better Harry or Edwards?

Hob. Say thats counsell, e two may keep it, if one be stow.

K. What I say my conscience? I think Harry is the true King.

Hob.

The first part of

Hob. Art advise of that? Harrie's of the old house of Lancaster, and that progenittie do I love.

K. And thou dost not hate the house of York?

H. Why no, for I am tuff a kin to Sutton Wind-mill, I can grind which way so ere the wind blow, if it bee Harrie I can say well fare Lancaster, if it be Edward I can sing, York, York for my money.

King. Thou art of my mind, but I say Harrie is the lawful King, Edward is but an usurper, and a fool and a coward.

Hob. Say there thou lyes, he has wit enough, and courage enough, dost thou not speake treason?

King. I, but I knowe to whom I speake it.

Hob. Dost thou? well if I were Constable, I shoulde bee forsworne if I let thee not in the stocks for it.

K. Well let it go no further, for I did serve King Harrie, and I love him best, though now I serve King Edward.

Hob. Thou art the arranter knave to speake ill of thy master, but sirra whats thy name? what office hast thou? and what wilt the King do for thee?

K. My name is Ned, I am the Kings butler, and he wil do more for me, then for any Nobleman in the Court.

Hob. The devil he will, beere the more soles, and so he tell him, if ere I see him, & I would I might see him in my pooze house at Tamworth.

K. Go with me to the Court & I beying thee to the King, & what suite soever thou have to him, I'll warrant thee to speed.

H. I ha nothing to do at Court, I'll come with my colowides and if the King will come to me he shall be welcome.

K. Hast thou no suite touching thy trade, to transport hides or sell leather onely in a certaine circuite, or about Bath, or such like to have letters patents?

H. By the masse and the matters I like not those Patents, sirra they that haue them, doe as the Whisks did in old time, buy and sell the sinnes of the people, so they make the King beleue they mend whats amisse, and for money they make

King Edward the fourth.

make the thing worse then it is, theres another thing in to, the more is the pittie.

K. What pittie Iohn Hobs? I pray thee say all.

Hob. Faith its pittie that one subject should haue in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

K. Warest thou me so Tanner? well lets cast lots whether thou shalt goe with me to Wrayton, or I go home with thee to Lamworth.

H. Not me no lotting, ile not go with thee, if thou wilt goe with me, cause that my Lieges man (and yet I think he has many honester) thou shalt be welcome to Iohn Hobs, thou shalt bee welcom to beefe and bacon, and perhaps a baggubding, & my daughter Nell shall pop a possell vpon thee when thou goest to bed.

K. Heres my hand, ile but goe and see the thing seru'de, and ile be at home as soone as thy selfe.

H. Wost thou heare me Nod? if I shall be thy host, make haste thou art best, for feare thou kisse the post.

Exit Hobs.

K. Farewell Iohn Hobs, the honest true Tanner.

I see plaine men, by observation

Of things that alter in the change of times,

Do gather knowledge, and the meanest life,

Proportioned with content suffice me,

Is merrier then the mighty State of Kings.

How now what newes bring ye us?

Wheres the Queene?

Enter a How,

and Sellenger.

Scl. Her Highnesse and your mother, my deare Lord,

Are both missed by Sir Humphrey Bowes,

Where they intend to feast and lodge this night,

And do expect your Graces presence there.

K. Tom Sellenger, I haue other businesse,

Astray from you and all my other traine,

I met a Tanner such a merrie mate,

So frolicke, and so full of good conceit,

That I haue giuen my word to be his guest,

32

Receivd

The first part of

Because he knowes me not to be the King:
Good Colen Howard grudge not at the least,
But greet my mother and my wife from me,
Bid them be merrie, I must haue my humors,
Let them both sup and sleepe when they see time,
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Tell him at breakesfast I will visite him.
This night Tom Sellenger and I must feast
With Hobs the Tanner, there plaine Ned and Tom.
So sing no; Sellenger for a thousand pound.

Enter a Messenger booted, with letters: and
kneeling gives them to the King.

How. The Queen and Dutches will be discontent,
Because his Highnesse comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceit,
But whats the end, the King will haue his pleasure?

King. Good newes my boyes, Harrie the first is dead, per-
use that letter: sira, byinks you that, gives his purse, and stay
not but poste backe again for life, & thank my brother Gloster
for his newes, commend mes to him, he see him to morrowe
night. How like ye it sira? Exit Messenger.

Sel. Passing well my Liege, you may be merrie for these
happy newes.

King. The merrier with our host the Tanner, Tom.
My Lord take you that letter to the Ladies,
Bid them be merrie with the second course,
And if we see them not before we goe,
Pray them to iourney easily after vs,
Takele post to London, so good night my Lord. Exit.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come Nell, come daughter, is your hands and your
face washed?

Nell. I forsooth father.

Hobs. We must be cleanly I tell ye, for there comes a
Courtiole hither to night, the Kings Masterships Butler,
Ned, a spruce youth, but beware ye be not in loue nor over-
taken

King Edward the fourth.

taken by him, for Courtiers be slippery lads.

Nell. So forsooth father.

Hobs. Gods blessing on thee, that halfe yeers schooling at Liechfield, was better to thee then house and land, it has put such manners into thee, I forsooth and no forsooth at enery word, ye haue a cleane smocks on, I like your apparrell well, is supper ready?

Nell. I forsooth father.

Hobs. Haue we a good barley baggubbing, a peece of fat Bacon, a good colwheele, a hard cheese, and a browne loafer.

Nell. All this forsooth, and moze ye shall haue a possiet, but indeed the rats haue spoiled your hard cheese.

Hobs. Now the diuell choake them, so they haue eate me a fartbing candle the other night.

Dudgeon within. What, maister maister?

Hobs. Now now knaue, what saist thou Dudgeon?

Dud. Heres guesstes come, wheres Hellen?

Hobs. What guesstes be they?

Dud. A courtnoie, one Ned the Kings Butcher he saies, & his friends too.

Hobs. Ned the Kings Butcher: ha, ha, the Kings butler, take their hoytes, and walke them, and bid them come neare house, Nell lay the cloth, and supper oth boozd. Exit Nell.

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Now heres Ned inbred and another misprouid Russian.

Welcome Ned, I like thy honestie, thou keepest promise.

Ed. I saith honest Tanner, he euer keep promise with thee: yee thee bid my friend welcome.

Hobs. By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamworth: friend I know not your name.

Sell. My name is Tom Twist.

Hobs. Welcome yee that list: but ye are welcome both, and I like you both well but for one thing.

Sell. What is that?

Hobs. Say that I heape to my selfe, for I ligh to the and thinke, that yee be, in geu many on to extinction.

The first part of

King. *Woe thee tell us thy meaning.*

Hob. *Troth I doubt yee were come truly by all these gay ragges. It is not your bare wages and thynne fees ye haue of the King, can keepe ye thus fine, but either ye must rob the King pynly, or his subiects openly, to maintaine your prodigality.*

Sel. *Thinkest thou so Tanner?*

Hob. *It is no matter what I think, come lets go to supper, what Nell, what Dudgeon, where be these folkes?*

Enter Nell, and Dudgeon, with a table couered.

Daughter bid my friends welcom.

Nell. *We are welcom Gentlemen as I may say.*

Sel. *I thanke ye faire maide.*

kisse her both.

King. *A pretty wench by my say.*

Hob. *How likest her Ned?*

King. *I like her so well, I would ye would make me your sonne in law.*

Hob. *And I like thee so well Ned, that hadst thou an occupation, my seruice is no heritage, A young courtier, an olde begger, I could finde in my heart to cast her away vpon thee, and if thou wilt forsake the Court and turne Tanner, or bind thy selfe to a shoemaker in Liechfield, I'll giue thee twentie nobles ready money with my Nell, and trust thee with a dirker of leather, to set vp thy trade.*

Sel. *Ned he offers ye faire, if ye haue the grace to take it.*

King. *He does indeed, Tom, and hereafter Ile tell him more.*

Hob. *Come sit down to supper: go to Nell, no more thy pesyes, ye may be caught I tell ye, these be licentious lads.*

Nell. *I warrant ye father, yet in truth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serue, but Ned is a pearle in mine eye.*

Hob. *Daughter, call Dudgeon & his fellows, we'll haue a threes mens song, to make our guests merrie.* *Exit Nell.*

Passes what Courtinols are ye? ye'll neither talke nor eate, what newes at the Court? do somewhat for your meate.

King. *Heants newes there, King Henriels dead.*

H. *Thats light newes & merie for your master King Edward.*

King.

King Edward the fourth.

King. But how will the commons take it?

Hob. Well, God be with good King Henry, saith the commons will take it as a common thing, death's an honest man: for hee spares not the King: for as one comes, anothers tane away, and seldome comes the better, thats all we say.

Sel. Whiewdly spoken Tanner by my saye.

Hob. Come fill me a cup of mother Wheatstones Ale, that I may drinke to my friendes, and drine downe my tale.

Here Ned and Tom I drinke to yee: and yet if I come to the Court, I doubt youle not know me.

K. Yes, Tom shall be my surety Tanner I will know thee.

Sel. If thou dost not Ned, by my troth I bestraw thee.

King. I drinke to my wife that may be.

Sel. Faith Ned thou maist lue to make her a Ladie.

King. Tush, her father offers nothing, hauing no more children but her.

Hob. I would I had not, condition she had all. But I haue a knaue to my son, I remember him by you, euen such an vnrhytist as one of you two that spends all on gay cloathes and new fashions, and no woike will down with him, that I fear hele be hanged, God blesse you from a better fortune, yet you weare such filthy breeks, Lord were not this a good fashion? I and would saue many a faire pennie.

King. Let that passe and let vs heare your song.

Hob. Agreed, agreed, come, sol, sol, sol, fa, fa, fa, say Dudgeo.

Here they sing the threemans Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt, know ye not Agencourt,

Where the English slew and hurt,

all the French foemen?

With our Gunnes and billes browne,

O the French were beaten downe,

Morrys pikes and bowmen, &c.

Sel. Well sung good fellows, I would the King heard ye.

Hob. So should I saith, I should straine a noate for him: Come take away, and lets to bedde, yee shall haue cleane

Sweets

The first part of

heets Ned, but they be course, good strong hempe, of my daughters owne spinning, and I tell thee, your Chamber pot, must be a faire hoine, a badge of our occupation, for we buy no bending peanter, no; bending earch.

King. So matter Hobs, we will not go to bed.

Hobs. What then?

King. Euen what thou wilt, for it is neere day.

Tanner. Gramercies for our hearty cheere,

If ere it be thy chance to come to court,

Enquire for me Ned the Kings butler,

And Tom of the Kings chamber my companion,

And see what welcome we will giue thee there.

Hobs. I haue heard of courtiers haue said as much as you, and when they haue been tryde, would not bid their friends drinke.

Scl. We are none such, let our hoyses be brought out, for we must away and so with thanks farewell.

Hobs. Farewel ye both, commend me to the King, & tel him I would haue been glad to haue seen his worship here. Exit.

King. Come Tom for London, hoise, and hence away.

Enter Vice-admirall and the Captaine of the Ile of Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the headsman bearing the axe before him.

Mor. Thomas Neuill, yet hast thou grations time
Of deer repentance, now discharge thy conscience,
Lay open thine offences to the world,
That we may witness thou dost die a Christian.

Fal. Why sir Harrie Moorton haue you arraighd
Condemnde and brought me to this place
Of bloody execution, and now aske
If I be guilty? therein doth appeare,
What iustice you haue vsed, call you this late?

Ca. Thou dost mistake our meaning Falconbridge:
We do not aske as being ignorant
Of thy transgression, but as vrging thee

King Edward the fourth.

To heary sorrow for thy vile misdeeds,
That heauen may take compassion on thy soule.

Fal. How charitable you would seeme to be?
I feare anon poole say it is for lone,
You bind me thus and lead me to the blocke,
And that of meere affection you are moude
To cut my head off, cunning policie.

Such butchers as your selues are, neuer want
A colour to excuse your slaughterous mind.

Mor. ~~The~~ butcher, thee? and thou deny thy selfe,
But thou hast been a pyrate on the sea,
Canst thou deny but with the communitie
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in armes.
And twice assaile the Citie London, where
Thou twice didst take repulse: and since that time,
Canst thou deny, that being fled from hence,
Thou toydest in confederacie with Fraunce,
And camst with them to burne Southhampton here?
Are these no faults, thou shouldst so much presume,
To cleer thy selfe, and lay the blood on vs?

Fal. Heare me sir Harry, since we must dispute,

Cap. Dispute vncill in yetch, what needs dispute,
Did not the Vice-admirall heere, and I
Incontring with the Hauke of the French,
Attach thee in a ship of Normandy,
And wilt thou stand vpon thy innocence?
Dispatch, thou art as rightfully condemn'd
As ener rebell was. And thou shalt die.

Fal. I make no question of it, I must die,
But let me tell you how I scorne your threats,
So little do I reckon of the name
Of ongly death, as were he visible,
I'de wassle with him for the victory,
And tugged the slave and teare him with my teeth.
But I would make him-scope to Falconbridge:
And for this life, this paukerie by this life,

The first part of

This blast of winde which you have laboured so,
By iuries, sessions, and I know not what,
To rob me of, is of so vile repute,
That to obtaine that I might line mine age,
I would not giue the value of a point.
You cannot be so cruell to afflicke,
But I will be as forward to indure.

Mor. Go to, leane off these idle braues of thine,
And thinke vpon thy soules health Falconbridge.
Cap. Submit and aske forgiveness of thy King,

Fal. What King?

Mor. Why Edward of the house of Yorke.

Fal. He is no King of mine, he does vsurpe,
And if the destinies had giuen me leane,
I would haue told him so before this time,
And puld the Diademe from off his head.

Mor. Thou art a traitor, stop the traitors mouth,

Fal. I am no traitor, Lancaster is King.
It that be treason to defend his right,
What is for them that do imprison him?
If insurrection do aduance his scepter,
What fault is theirs that step into his thronne?
Oh God, thou poudest the balme vpon his head,
Can that pure unction be wipt off againe?
Thou once didst crown him in his infancie:
Shall wicked men now in his age depose him?
Oh pardon me if I expostulate,
Poore then becomes a full man to doo,
England I feare thou wilt thy folly rue.

Cap. Thou triflest time and dost but wearele vs
With dilatorie questions, make an end,

Fal. Indeed the end of all Kingdomes must end,
Honour and riches all must haue an end.
And he that thinks he doth the most preuaile,
His head once laid, there resteth but a tale:
Come fellow, do thy office, what me thinks,

Thou

King Edward the fourth.

Thou lookst as if thy heart were in thy hose,
Will by thy spirits, it will be quickly done,
A blow or two at most will serue the turne.

Head. Forgiue me for your death.

Fal. Forgiue thee? I and giue thee too;
Hold, there is some few crownes for thee to drink;
Tush weep not man, giue losers leaue to plaine,
And yet I saith my losse I count a gaine.
First let me see, is thy axe sharpe inough?
I am indifferent, well a Gods name to this gear.

Head. Come and yeeld your head gentily to the block,

Fal. Gentily saith thou: thou wilt not vse me so:
But all is one for that, what strength thou hast,
Throughtout the whole proportion of thy limbes,
Renoke it all into thy manly armes,
And spare me not, I am a Gentleman,
A Neuill and a Falconbridge beside,
Then do thy worke, thou maist get credit by it,
For if thou dost not I must tell thee plaine,
I shall be passing angrie when tis done.

Head. I warrant you for none in the land shall
doe it better.

Fal. Why now thou pleasest me, England farewell,
And old Plantagenet, if thou suruiue,
I thinke on my lone, although it did not thine.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
To London, and the promised rewarde,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southhampton here:
How say you Captaine are you so content?

Cap. With all my heart, but I do maruell much
We heare not of the messenger we sent,
To giue the King intelligence of this.

M. Take truce with your seruises: here he comes.

The first part of

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow it seemes that thou art slow of gait,
O very negligent in our affaires,
What saies King Edward to our service done?

Mes. To answer you directly and briefly,
I spake not with him: for when I was come
To Wynton Bassett, where they said he was,
I was told me there that even the night before,
His signes in all hast, was rid to London:
The occasion, Henries death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in sundrie tales,
Some thinking he was murdered, some againe
Supposing that he died a naturall death.

Mor. Well how so ere, that concernes not us,
We haue to doe with no mans death,
That for his treason here hath lost his head.
Come let vs giue direction as before,
And afterward make backe vnto the shore.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Maior in his scarlet gowne
with a gilded rapier by his side.

Ma. I marie Crosbie this befits thee well,
But some will maruaile that with a scarlet gowne,
I weare a gilded rapier by my side:
Why let them know, I was knighted in the field
For my good service to my Lord the King,
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court, in Citie, or at any royall banquet.
But soft Iohn Crosbie, thou forgetst thy selfe,
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage,
Where thou wast borne, and whence thou art deri'd.
I do not shame to say, the Hospitall
Of London was my chiefeest fostering place,
There did I leaue, that neere vnto a Crosse,
Commonly call'd Cole Crosse near Islington,
An honest Citizen did chance to find me,
A poore Schoomaier by his trade he was,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And doubting of my Christendame or no,
 Calde me according to the place he found me,
 Iohn Crosbie, finding me so by a Crosse.
 The maisters of the Hospitall at further peares,
 Bound me appzentise to the Groccers trade,
 Wherein God please to blesse my pooze endeours,
 That by his blessings I am come to this.
 The man that found me I haue well requited,
 And to the Hospitall my sojuring place,
 An hundred pound a yere I giue for ever.
 Likewise in memoire of me Iohn Crosbie
 In Bishopgate strecte a pooze house haue I built,
 And as my name haue cald it Crosbie house,,
 And when as God shall take me from this life,
 In little S. Hellens will I be buried:
 All this declares, I boast not of my birth,
 But sound on earth, I must retorne to earth.
 But God for his pittie I forget my selfe,
 The King my Soueraigne Lord will come anone,
 And nothing is as yet in readinesse.
 Where are ye cosin Shoare? nay where is Mistris Shoare?
 Oh I am soze that she stapes so long.
 See what it is to be a widower,
 And lacke a Ladie Maioress in such need.

Enter M. Shoare and Mistris Shoare.

Oh are ye come? welcome good cosin Shoare,
 But you indeed are welcome gentle piece,
 Needs must you be our Ladie Maioress now,
 And helpe vs, or els we are shamed for ever,
 Good Cosin still thus am I bold with you.

Sh. With all my heart my Lord, and thank ye too,
 That you do please to vs our homely helpe.

Ma. Why see how neatly she bestirs her selfe,
 And in good sooth makes huswifery to shine:
 Ah had my Lady Maioress liue to see
 Faire Mistris Shoare thus beautifie her house,

The first part of

She would haue been not little proud thereof.

Iane. Well my L. Maior: I thanke you for that flout,
But let his Highnesse now come when he please,
All things are in a perfect readines.

They bring forth a table, & serue in the banquet.

Maior. The more am I beholding piece to you,
That take such paines to saue our credit now:
My seruants are so slack, his Maiestie
Might haue been here before we were preparede,
But peace here comes his highnes.

The Trumpets sound, and enters King Edward,
How. Sellenger, and the traine.

K. Now my Lord Maior, haue we not kept our word?
Because we could not stay to dine with you,
At our departure hence: wee promised,
First food we tasted at our backe returne,
Should be with you, still yeelding heartie thanks,
To you and to our London Citizens.

For the great seruice which you did performe,
Against that bold sac'de rebell Falconbridge.

Ma. My gracious Lord what then we did,
We did account no more then was our dutie,
There to obliged by true subjects zeale,
And may be neuer line that not defends
The honor of his King and countrie.

Next thanke I God it likes your Maiestie,
To blisse my poore roole, with your royall presence,
To me could come no greater happines.

K. Thanks my L. Maior, but whetes my L. Maior'sse,
I hope that she will bid us welcome too.

Ma. She would my Liege, and with no little joy,
Had she but liue to see this blessed day,
But in her stead this Gentlewoman here,
My cosins wife, that office will supply:
How say you mistress Shoare?

K. How? mistress Shoare? what not his wife

That

King Edward the fourth.

That did refuse his Knight-hood at our hand?

Ma. The very same my Lord: and here he is.

K. What M. Shoare, we are your debtor still,
But by Gods grace entend not so to die:
And Gentlewoman now before your face,
I must condemne him of discourtesie,
Yea, and of great wrong that he hath offered you,
For you had been a Lady but for him.
He was in fault trust me he was to blame,
To hinder vertue of her due by right.

Ia. My gracious L. my poore and humble thoughts
Here had an eye to such great worthinesse.
And though some hold it as a maxime,
That Womens minds by nature do aspire,
Yet how both God and M. Shoare I thanks,
For my continuance in this humble state,
And likewise how I loue your Maestie,
For gracious sufferance that it may be so,
Heauen beare true record of my inward soule.
Now it remaines, on my Lord Maiors behalfe,
I doe such dutie as becommeth me,
To bid your Highnesse welcome to his house,
Where welcomes vertue poverfull in my word,
The King of England should not doubt thereof.

K. For do I mistris Shoare, now my L. Maior
Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome:
You spake the word well, very well I say,
But mistris Shoare her tongue hath glided it,
Tell me Cousin Howard and Tom Sellenger,
Had ener Citizen so faire a wife?

How. Offish and bloud I neuer did behold
A woman every way so absolute.

Sel. For I my Liege, were Sellenger a King,
He could afford Shoares wife to be a Queene.

K. Why how now Tom? nay rather how now Ned?
What change is this: proud, saucie roaring eye,

The first part of

What whisperst in my brain, that she is faire?
 I know it, I see it, sayst then my Queen?
 Wilt thou maintain it? what am thou traytor heart,
 Wouldest thou shake hands in this conspiracie?
 Downe rebell, backe base treacherous conceit,
 I will not credit thee: my Belle is faire,
 And Shoares wife but a blowze, comparbe to hers:
 Come let vs sit, here will I take my place,
 And my Lord Maior, fill me a bowle of wine,
 That I may drinke to your elected Maiorisse,
 And M. Shoare tell me how like you this,
 My L. Maior makes your wife his L. Maiorisse:
 Sho. So well my Lord as better cannot be,
 All in the honor of your Maiesty.

The Lord Maior brings a bowle of wine, and humbly on his knees offers it to the King.

King. Say drinke to vs L. Maior, wee haue it so,
 So to I say you are our Easter now.

Drinke then and we will pledge ye.

M. All health and happines to my soveraign. he drinks.

K. Fill full our cup, and Lady Maiorisse,
 This full carowse we meane to drinke to you,
 And you must pledge vs, but yet no more,
 Then you shall please to answer vs withall.

He drinks, & the Trumpets sound, then wine is brought to her, and she offerato drinke.

Say you must drinke to some body: yea Torn to these?

Well Sirra, see you doe her right:

For Edward would, oh would to God he might.

Yet idle eye, wilt thou be gabbing?

Keep home, keep home for feare of further ill.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

Do now? letters to vs, from whome?

Mess. My Liege, this from the D. of Burgundy.

And this is from the Constable of France.

K. What newes from them?

King Edward the fourth.

He opens the letter and reads.

To claime our right in Fraunce,
And they will aske vs, yes, will ye so?
But other aydes must aide vs ere we goe.

He seemes to read the letters, but glaunces on
Mistresse Shoare in his reading.

A womans aid, that hath moze power then France
To crowne vs, or to kill vs with mischance.

If chaste resolute be to such beantie tied,
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be still denied.

Her husband hath deserved well of thee,
But, lone makes no respect where ere it be.

Thou wrongst the Queene: every enforced ill,
Must be indurde, where beantie seekes to kill.

Thou seemst to read only to blind their eyes,
Who knowing it, thy folly would despise.

He starts from the table.

Thanks for my cheare L. Paloz, I am not well.

I know not how to take these newes. This at I meane

That hath bereft me of all reason cleane.

M. God shield my Soueraigne.

K. Say nothing: I shall be well anon.

Iane. Say it please your Highnes sit.

King. I, saine with thee, nay we must needs be gon.

Cosin Howard conuey these letters to our counsell,

And bid them giue vs their aduise of them,

Thanks for my cheare L. Paloz, farewell to you:

And farewell mistresse Shoare, L. Palozells I should say,

It is you haue caused our parting at this time.

Farewel M. Shoare, farewell to all,

While meet once moze to make amends for this.

Exeunt King, How. and Sel.

M. O God here to be ill!

My house to cause my Soueraignes discontent:

Cosin Shoare I had rather spent. (humors,

Sho. Content your selfe my L. Kings haue their

The first part of

The letters did containe somewhat no doubt,
That did displease him.

Ia, So my Lord thinke I,
But by Gods helpe he wil be wel againe.

M. I hope so too, wel Cousin for your paines,
I can but thanke ye, chiefly you faire Piece,
At night I pray yee both come sup with me.
How say ye? wil ye?

Sh. Yes my Lord we wil.
So for this time we humbly take our leave.

Exeunt Shoare and his wife.

M. Oh how the sudden sicknesse of my Liege,
Afflicts my soule with many passions?
His Highnes did intend to be right merrie,
And God he knowes how it would glad my soule,
If I had seen his Highnes satisfied
With the poore entertainement of his Palace,
His humble vassaille, whose lands, whose life and all
Are, and in dutie must be alwayes his.
Wel, God I trust wil blesse his Graces health,
And quickly ease him of his sodden fit.
Take away there ho, rid this place.

And God of heaven blesse my Soueraignes Grace. Exit.

Enter two prentizes preparing the Goldsmiths
Shop with plate.

1. Pren. Sirra, Jacke come set out.

2. Pren. You are the elder Prentise, I pray you do it, least
my mistris talke with you when shee comes downe, what is
it a clocke?

1. Pren. Sir by Alhallowes.

2. Pren. Lying and Sealing wil bying ye to the Gallowes.
Is heare all the plate?

1. Pren. That must serue to day,
Where is the weights and ballance?

2. Pren. All ready, hark my mistris comes. Exit. 1. Pren.

Enter Mistris Shoare with her worke in her hand.

Lane

King Edward the fourth.

Iane. Sir boy, while I attend the shop my selfe,
See if the workeman haue dispatcht the cup,
How many ounces weighes it?

2. Pren. Twentie fforlooth.

Iane. What said the Gentleman to the fashion?

2. Pren. He told my maister: I was not within.

Iane. Go sir make hast, your W. is in Cheapside:
Take heed ye were best your lostring be not spide.

The boy departs, and she sits sowing in her shop.

Enter the King disguised.

K. Well fare a case to put a King in pet,
Good mistress Shoare this doth your lone procure,
This shape is secret and I hope tis sure,
The watermen that daily vse the Court,
And see me often, know me not in this,
At London they landed in their bieto,
Yet none of them tooke knowledge of the King.
If any gallant strue to hane the wall,
He peels it gently: soft here most I turne,
Peres Lombard Street, and henes the Pellican,
And theres the Phebe in the Pellicans nest,
A rare perfection of rich natures worke,
Bright twinkling sparke of precious Diamond,
Of greater value then all India,
Where there no Sun, by whose kind louely heat
The earth brings forth those stones we hold of price,
Her radiant eyes delected to the ground,
Would turne each Pebble to a Diamond,
Gaze greedy eyes and be not satisfied,
Till you find rest, where hearts desire doth bide.

Ia. What would you buy sir that you looke on here?

K. Your fairest felwell, be it not too dear.

First how this Sapphire Spittis that you weare?

Iane. Sir it is right, that will I warrant ye:
No Jeweller in London shewes a better.

K. So no; the like, you praise it passing well.

The first part of

Ia. Do I? no, if some lapidarie had the stone, moze would not buy it then I can demand. 'Tis as well let I thinke as ere ye saw.

King. 'Tis set indeed vpon the fairest hand, that ere I saw.

Iane. You are disposed to sell, but for, value his spallie might weare it.

King. Might he haue it?

Iane. Sir tis the ring I meane.

King. I meant the hand.

Iane. You are a merrie man I see,
You come to cheape and not to buy.

King. Yet he that offers fairer then he doe,
Shall hardly finde a partner in his bargaine.

Iane. Perhaps in buying things of so small value.

King. Rather because no wealth can purchase it.

Ia. He were too fond, that would so highly prize,
The thing which once was giuen a waile for lone.

King. His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Ia. The gift so small, that aught who could deny it?

King. Oh he gaue moze, that such a gift then gaue,
Then earth ere had, or world shall euer haue.

Ia. His hap is ill, should it be as you say,
That hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poozer by the match.

King. That easily proues he doth not know the worth.

Ia. Yet hauing had the vie of it so long,
It rather proues you over-rate the thing,
He being a chapman, as it seemes you are.

King. Indeed none should aduenture on the thing,
That is to be purchast only by a King.

Ia. If Kings loue that which no man els respects,
It may be so, else do I see small reason,
A King should take delight in such course stiffe.

King. Lines there a King, that would not giue his crowne,
To purchase such a Kingdome of content?

Ia. In my conceit, right well you aske that question.

The

King Edward the fourth.

The world I think containes no such fond thing.

K. Why mistress Shoare, I am the man will do it.

Ia. Its proudly spoke, although I not beleene it,
Where be King Edward that should offer it.

K. But shall I haue it?

Ia. Upon what acquaintance?

K. Why since I saw thee last.

Ia. Where was that?

R. At the L. Paioys, in presence of the King.

Ia. I haue forgotten that I saw you there,
For there were many that I tooke small note of.

K. Of me you did, and we had some discourse.

Ia. You are deceiued Sir, I had then no time,
For my attendance on his maiestie.

K. Ile gage my hand vnto your hand of that,
Looke well vpon me.

He discouers himselfe.

Ia. Now I beseech you let this strange disguise
Excuse my boldnes to your Maiestie, (she kneeles.
What euer we possesse is all your highnesses,
Onely mine honoz, which I cannot grant.

K. Onely thy loue (bright angell) Edward craves,
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.

Enter Master Shoare.

Ia. But here comes one, to whome I only gaue it.
And he I doubt will say ye shall not haue it.

K. Am I so soone cut off? obisight.

How say ye mistress, will you take my offer?

Ia. Indeed I cannot sit affoord it so.

K. Youle not be offered fairlier I beleue.

Ia. Indeed you offer like a Gentleman.

But yet the felwell will not be so left.

Sho. Sir, if you bid not too much vnder-foot,
Ile buye the bargaine twixt you and my wife.

K. Alas good Shoare, my selfe dare answer no. King aside.
Nothing can make thee such a felwell forgoe.

Shes

The first part of

She saith you shall be too much looser by it.

Sho. See in the row then, if you can speed better.

King. See many worlds arow, afforde not like.

As he goes forth, Shoare lookes earnestly, and perceiues it is the King, whereat he seemeth greatly discontented.

Ia. Why lookst thou Mar, knowst thou the gentleman,

Alas what ailes thee that thou lookst so pale?

What cheare sweet hart? alas where hast thou been?

Sho. Nay nothing Iane, know you the gentleman?

Ia. Not I sweet heart, alas why do you aske?

Is he thine enemy?

Sho. I cannot tell,

What came he here to cheape at your shop?

Ia. This setwell loue.

Sho. Well I pray God he came for nothing else.

Ia. Why who is it? I do suspect him Shoare,

That you demand thus doubtedly of me.

Sho. Ah Iane, it is the King.

Ia. The King, what then? is for that thou sigh'st?

Where be a thousand things thou hast no cause

To feare his presence or suspect my loue.

Sho. I know I haue not, see he comes againe.

The King enters againe, muffled in his cloake.

King. Still is my hinder there? be patient heart,

Some sifter season must aduance thy smart,

What will ye take that mistress which I offered ye?

I come againe sir, as one willing to buy.

Ia. Indeed I cannot sir, I pray ye

Deale with my husband, hear what he will say.

Sho. He sell it worth your money, if you please.

I pray you come neere sir.

King. I am too neere already, thou so neer.

Nay, nay, he knowes what I did offer her,

And in good sadnesse, I can giue no more,

So fare ye well sir, I will not deale with you.

Exit.

Iane.

King Edward the fourth.

Ia. You are deceiue (sweet heart) tis not the King.
Thinke you he would aduenture thus alone?

Sho. I do assure thee Iane it is the King.

Oh, God, twist the extreames of lone and feare,
In what a shinerling ague sits my soule?

Keep we our treasure secret, yet so fond

As let so rich a beantie as this is,

In the wide view of euery gazers eye:

Oh traitor beantie, oh deceitfull good,

That dost conspire against thy selfe and lone,

So sooner got but twist againe of others,

In thine owne selfe, iniurious to thy selfe.

Oh rich poore portion, thou good euill thing,

How many sorrell woes still dost thou bring?

Ia. I pray thee come, sweet lone and sit by me,

So King thats vnder heauen Ile lone like thee.

Exit.

Enter sir Humphrey Bowes, and master Aston, being
two Iustices, Harry Grudgen, Robert Godfel-
low, and Iohn Hobs the Tanner.

Bow. Neighboys and friends the cause that you are called.

Concerns the Kings most excellent maiestie.

Whose right you know by his progenitors,

Unto the Crowne and soueraintie of France,

Is wrongfully detained by the French.

Which to reuenge and royally regaine,

His Highnes meanes to put himselfe in armes,

And in his princely person to conduct

His warlike troups against the enemye.

But for his Costers are vnfurnished,

Through ciuill discorde and intestine warre,

(Whose bleeding scarres our eyes may yet behold)

He praiseth his faithfull loving subjects helpe,

To further this his iust great enterprize.

Hobs. So the secke and meaning, whereby as it
were of all your long purgation S. Humphrey is
no moze in some respect, but the King wants money

The first part of

and would haue some of his comentie.

Bo. Cannar you rightly vnderstand the matter.

Alt. Note this withall, where his dread maiesty
(Our lawfull soueraigne, and most royall King)
Might haue exacted or imposde a Taxe
Or bozrowed greater summes then we can spare,
(For all we haue is at his dread command)
He doth not so, but mildly doth entreat
Our kind benenolence, what we will giue,
With willing minds towards this mightie charge.

Enter Lord Howard.

Which to receiue, his noble Counsellor
And kinsman the Lord Howard here is come.

H. Now good sir Humphrey Bowes, and M. Aston,
Haue ye declared the Kings most gracious pleasure?

Bo. We haue my Lord.

How. His highnesse will not force,
As loane or tribute, but will take your gift,
In gratefull part and recompence your loue.

Bo. To shew my loue, though money now be scarce,
A hundred pound Ile giue his maiesty.

Ho. Tis well sir Humphrey.

Aston. I a hundred markes.

Ho. Thanks M. Aston, you both shew your loue,
Now aske your neighbours what they will bestow?

Bo. Come master Hadland your benenolence.

Had. O good sir Humphrey do not rack my purse,
You know my state, I lately sold my land.

Aston. Then you haue money, let the King haue part.

Hob. I do Master Hadland do, they say ye sold a foule deale
of durty land for faire gold and silver, let the king haue some
now while you haue it, for if yes bee forborne a while, all will
be spent, for he that cannot keepe land that lies fallow, will haue
much a do to hold money, tis slipperis ware, tis melting ware,
tis melting ware.

How. Gramercy Tanner.

Bowes.

King Edward the fourth.

Bowes. Say what shall we have?

Hadland. My forty shillings.

Aston. Robert Goodfellow.

I know you will be liberal to the King.

Good. I pray Aston be content I pray ye.

You know my charge, my household verie great,

And my house keeping holds me very bare,

Threescore byrds, and downe lying sir,

Spends no small doze of vittalles in a yeare,

Two brace of Greyhounds, xx. couple of hounds,

And then my ladies deuoure a deale of cozne,

My Christmas cost, and they my friends that come

Amounts to charge, I am Robin Goodfellow,

That welcomes all and keepe a frolike house,

I haue no money, pray ye pardon me.

Ho. Heres a plaine Tanner can teach you how to thriue,

Keepe fewer dogs, and then ye may feede men:

Yet feede no idle men, tis needlesse charge,

You that on hounds and hunting mates wil spend,

No doubt but something to your King youle lend.

Good. My brace of angels, by my troth thats al.

Hob. Spaffe and tis well the cures haue left so much.

I thought they would haue eaten vp thy house and
land ere this.

Bowes. Now Harrie Grudgen.

Grudgen. What would you haue of mee? money I haue
none, and tis sell no stocks, heres old polling, subbidle, fifteen,
souldiers, and to the pooze, and you may haue your toll, youle
soone shut me out of doze.

Ho. Heare ye two ships, will ye let me answer my neigh-
bour Grudgē? By my halibome Harry Grudgen, th'art but a
grumbling, grudging Churle, thou hast two ploughes going,
and neare a Cradle rocking, th'ast a pecke of money, goe to,
turne thee loose, thou'lt goe to late with the Wilcar for a tyth
goose, and wilt not spare the King foure or fve pound.

Grudgen. O goodman Tanner, are ye so round? your

The first part of

prolicatenes has brought your sonne to the gallowes almost,
you can be franke of another mans coff.

Hob. That no honest man to tixt me with my sonne, hee
may out live thee yet for ought that he hath done, my sonnes
in gaile, is hee the first that hath bene there: and thou wert a
man, as that a beast, I would haue the by the eares.

Weeping.

How. Friend thou wantest nurture, to vphayd a father
with a sonnes fault, we sit not here for this.
What's thy beneuolence to his maiestie?

Hob. His benegligence: hang him heele not giue a pennie
willingly.

Gr. I care not much to cast away for the pence.

How. Out grudging peasant, base ill nurturd groom,
Is this the loue thou bearest vnto the King?
Gentlemen take notice of the slave,
And if he fault let him be soundly plagued?
Howe frolike Tanner, what wilt thou afford?

Hob. Twentie old angels and a score of hides, if that be too
little, take twentie nobles more, while I haue it my King
shall spend of my store.

How. The King shall know thy louing liberall heart.

Hob. Shall hee sayth, I thanke ye hartily, but heare yee
Gentleman, ye come from the Court?

How. I doe.

Hob. Lord how does the King, and how does Ned the
Kings Butler, and Tom of his chamber, I am sure ye know
them?

How. They do very well.

Hob. For want of better guests they were at my house
one night.

How. I know they were.

Hob. They promise me a good turne for kissing my daugh-
ter Nell, and now I haue cagion to trie them, my sonnes in
Dybell heere in Caperdockie, it haue Gaile for peeping into a
nother mans parie, and outstep the King be miserable, hee's
like.

King Edward the fourth.

like to totter, can that same Ned the Butler doe any thing with the King?

How. More then my selfe, or any other Lord.

Hob. A halter he can, by my troth ye reioyce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court: I warrant thy sonnes life, Ned will save that, and do the greater good.

Hob. He weane Bicke my mares sole, and come by to the King, and it shal go hard but two fat hens for your poines I will bying.

Bowes. My Lord this fellow gladly now will give five pounds so you will pardon his rude speech.

How. For five and five I cannot byoke the beast.

Grud. What gives the tanner? I am as able as he.

Alton. He gives ten pound.

Grud. Take twentie shen of me.

I pray ye my Lord forgive my rough beards speech, I wis I meant no hurt unto my Liege.

Bowes. Let vs intreat your Lordships patience.

How. I do at your request remit the offence.

So lets depart, heres all we have to doe.

Alf. Tis for this time no place my Lord, lets bying your money.

Hob. What have you can be now Goodman Grudgen, by your hinchyng and your pinchyng, not the worth of a blacke pudding.

Exeunt.

Enter mistress Shoare and mistress Blague.

M. Bla. Now mistress Shoare what bygent cause is that, which made ye send for me in such great hast? I promise ye it made me halfe afraid, you were not well.

Iane. Trust mee, no sickes, no well, but troubled still with the disease I told yee: here is another letter from the King, was neuer poore soule so importuned.

M. Bla. But will no answers serve?

Ia. No mistress Blague, no answer will suffice, Ye, be it is that with a violent rage

The first part of

Labours to breake into my plighted faith,
 Oh what am I, he should so much forget
 His royall state, and his high maiesty?
 Will doth become disguised to my house,
 And in most humble tearmes betwixt his lons;
 My husband grieues, alas how can he choose,
 Fearing the dispossessement of his lane?
 And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,
 Offering besides incomparable gifts,
 And all to winne me to his princely will.

M. Bla. Welcome me my Shoare a dangerous case,
 And every way repleat with doubtfull feare,
 If you should peeld, your vertuous name were sold,
 And your beloued husband made a scoyne.
 And if not peeld, its likely that his lons,
 Which now admires ye, will conuert to hate,
 And who knowes not a princes hate is death:
 Yet I will not be she shall counsaile ye,
 Good mistress Shoare do what ye will for me.

Ia. Then counsaile me what I shoud best to doe.

M. B. You know his greatnes can dispense with ill,
 Making the sinne seeme lesser by his worth,
 And you your selfe your children and your friends,
 Be all aduanced to worldly dignitie,
 And this worldly pompe you know is a goodly thing,
 Yet I will not be she shall counsaile ye,
 Good mistress Shoare do what ye will for me.

Ia. Alas I know that I was bound by oath,
 To keepe the promise that I made at first,
 And vertue liues, when pompe consumes to dust.

M. B. So we do say dishonour is no shame,
 When slander does not touch the offenders name.
 You shall be sold in a Princes armes,
 Whose becke disperseth even the greatest harmes,
 Many that sit themselves in high degree,
 Will then be glad to stoope, and bend the knee,

King Edward the fourth.

And who list, having plenty in the hand,
Better commanded, but both still command;
That cannot twofold in such excess of things,
To quit the guilt one small transgression brings;
Yet I wil not be she shall counsaile ye,
Good mistress Shoare do what ye will for me.

Ia. Here do I line although in meane estate,
Yet with a conscience free from all debate,
Where higher footing may in time procure
A sudden fall, and mixe my sweet with sorowe.

M. B. True, I confesse a private life is good,
For would I otherwise be understood.
To be a Goldsmiths wife is some content,
But dayes in court more pleasantly are spent,
A households government deserves renoune.
But what is a companion to a crowne?
The name of mistresse is a prettie thing,
But Spadam at each word both glorie bring.
Yet will not I be she shall counsaile ye,
Good mistress Shore do what ye will for me.

Ia. O that I knew which were the best of twain,
Which for I do not, I am sicke with paine.

Enter her boy.

How now sir boy, what is the newes with you?

Boy. The Gentleman forsooth the other day,
That would haue bought the iewel at our stall,
Is here to speake with ye.

Ia. Oh Cocke it is the King.
Good mistress Blague withdraw ye from this place,
He come anon, so soone as he is gone,
And sirra get you to the shop againe, Exit boy.

M. B. How mistress Shoare betinke ye what to do.
Such suitors come not every day to wooe.

Mistress Blague departs and the King enters
in his former disguise.

K. Thou maist conuict me (beauties pride) of boldnes

The first part of

That I intrude like an unbidden guest,
But lone being guide, my fault will seeme the lesse.

Ia. Spott welcome to your subjects homely roole,
The foot my soveraign, selborne doth offende,
Unlessse the heart some other hurt intend.

King. The most thou seest is hurt vnto my selfe?
How so; thy sake, is maiestie disroabde?
Riches made pooze, and dignitie brought lowe,
Onely that thou mightst our affection know.

Ia. The more the pittie that within the skie,
The sunne that should all other vapours drie,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled by him selfe in willfull night.

K. The want of thee, faire Cynthia is the cause,
Spread thou thy silver-brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the glad some morning will appeare.

Ia. I may not wander, he that guides my carre,
Is an immoued, constant fixed starre.

K. But I will giue that starre a comets name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.

Ia. How if the host of Heauen at this abuse
Repine: who can the prodigie excuse?

K. It lies twithin the compasse of my powze,
To dim their enuious eyes, dare seeme to loue.
But leauing this our Enigmatike cause,
Thou must sweet Iane repaire vnto the Court,
His tongue intreates, controls the greatest peers,
His hand plights lone, a royall scepter beares,
And in his heart he hath conscribed thy good.

Which may not, must not, shall not be withstood.
Ia. If you enforce me, I haue naught to say,
But wish I had not stude to see this day.

K. Blame not the time, thou shalt haue cause to lope.
Iane in the evening I will send for thee,
And thou and thine shall be aduanced by mee.
In signe whereof receiue this true lone kisse,

Nothing

King Edward the fourth.

Nothing ill meant, there can be no amiss.

Exit.

Iane. Well I will in, and ere the time begins,
Learne how to be repentant for my sinne.

Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, Master Shoare and Fraunces Emersley.

Maior. But Cousin Shoare, are ye assurde it was the King
you saw in such disguise?

Sho. Do I know you the vncle of my wife? know I Frank
Emersley her brother here? so surely do I know that counter-
feit to be King.

Fran. Well, admit al this. And that his Maestie in such dis-
guise, please to turne the maner of our Citie, or what occasi-
on else may like himselfe: He thinks you haue small reason
brother Shoare, to be displeas'd thereat.

Ma. Oh I haue found him now.

Because my Niece his wife is beautifull,
And well reputed for her vertuous parts:

He in his fond conceit misdoubts the King
Doth dote on her in his affection.

I know not cousin how she may be chang'd,
By any cause in your procuring it,

From the faire carriage of her wonted course:
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,

She merited no scruple of misse.

If now some glibbie fancie in your bzaine,
Spake you conceine sinisterly of her,

And with a person of such difference,
I tell you Cousin, more for her respect,

Then to looke you in such a sottishnes,
I would reueale ye open to the world,

And let your follie fully plague your selfe.

Sho. Vncle you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennes,

Your Nieces reputation I haue prizde,
And thined as deuoutly in my soule.
As you, or any that it can concerne.

End.

The first part of

For when I tell you that it is the King
Comes masked like a common servingman,
Do I inferre thereby my wife is false,
Or swerves one jot from wonted modestie.
Though in my shop she sit, more to respect
Her servants dutie, then for any skill,
Shew doth, or can pretend in what we trade.
Is it not strange, that ever when he comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with me?
Ah Uncle Franke, nay, would all her kin,
Were here to censure of my cause aright:
Though I misdeeme not her, yet give me leave
To doubt what his she walking may intend.
And let me tell ye, he that is possesst
Of such a beautie, feares undermining guests:
Especially a mightie one, like him,
Whose greatnesse may gild over bely sinne.
But say his coming is not to my wife,
Then hath he some she aiming at my life,
By false compounded metals, or light gould,
Or else some other trifle to be sold.
When Kings themselves so narrowly do pry
Into the world, men feare, and why not I?
Fran. Beleene me brother in this doubtfull case
I know not wel how I should answer ye.
I wonder in this serious busie time,
Of this great gathered benenolence,
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoile of his Lords,
Yea of the whole estate in generall,
He can be spared from these great affaires,
And wander here disguised in this soyle.
But is not this your boy?

Enter the boy.

Sho. Yes marrie is it: how now, what newes with thee?

Boy. Master, my mistresse by a Nobleman,

King Edward the fourth.

Is sent for to the King in a close Coach,
Shes gon with him, these are the newes I bring.

Ma. How? my piece sent for to the King?
By a Nobleman, and she is gone with him?
Say then I like it not.

Fran. How, gone said thou?

Sho. Be patient Uncle, knowe not gentle Franke:
The wrong is mine, by whom? a King,
To talke of such it is no common thing.
She is gone thou saidst?

Boy. Yes trulye Sir, tis so.

Sho. I cannot helpe it, a Cocks name let her goe,
You cannot helpe it Uncle, no, no; you,
Where Kings are medlets, meanc men must rue.
I knowe against it: no, farewell Iane Shoare.
Once thou wast mine, but must be so no more.

Maio. Gone to the Court?

Exit Maio.

Sho. Yet uncle will ye rage?

Let mine example pour high deute allwaie.
To note offences in a mightie man,
It is enough: amend it he that can.

Franke Ermersley, my wife thy sister was,
Lands, goods and all I haue, to thes I passe,
None that poore portion must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloquie,
It neuer shall be said that Mathew Shoare,
A Kings dishonour in his honet woze.

Fran. Good brother.

Sho. Strive not to change me, for I am resolu'd,
And will not tarrise. England face thou well,
And Edward, for requitting me so well,
But dare I speake of him? forbeare, forbeare.
Come Franke I will surrender all to thes,
And then abroad where ere my fortune be.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, Howard, Sellinger, &c.

K. And haue our countrie Subjects been so franke

B

And

The first part of

And bountifull in their beneuolence,
Toward our present expedition:
Thanks Cousin Howard for thy paines herein:
We will haue letters sent to euery shire
Of thankfull gratitnde, that they may know,
How highly we respect their gentlenesse.

How. One thing my L. I had wel neere forgot,
Your pleasant host the Tanner of Tamworth.

King. What of him Cousin?

How. He was right liberall,
Twentie old angels did he send your Grace;
And others seeing him so bountifull,
Stretcht further then they other wise had done.

K. Trow me I must requite that honest Tanner:
Oh had he kept his word, and come to Court,
Then in good sabnelle we had had good sport.

How. That is not long my L. which comes at last,
Hees come to London on an earnest cause,
His sonne lies prisoner in Staffoꝝd Jayle,
And is condemned for a robberte.
Your Highnes pardoning his sonnes offence;
May yeeld the Tanner no meane recompence.

K. But who hath seene him since he came to towne?

Scl. My Lord in Holborn was my hap to see him
Gazing about, I sent away my men,
And clapping on one of their liuerie cloakes,
Came to him, and the Tanner kneto me straighte,
How now Tom? and how doth Ned quoth he
That honest merrie hangman, how doth he?
I knowing that your Maiestie intended
This day in person to come to the Towre,
There had him meet me, where as Ned and I,
Would bring him to the presence of the King;
And there procure a pardon for his sonne.

K. Haue then a care we be not seens of him,
Untill we be provided for the purpose,

Because

King Edward the fourth.

Because once moze weele haue a little sport,
Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.

Sel. I Warrant ye my Lord let me alone.

Enter the Lord Maior.

K. Welcome L. Maior, what haue you signified
Our thankfulness vnto our Citizens,
For their late gathered beneuolence?

Ma. Before the Citizens in our Guildhall,
After Recorder made a good oration,
Of thankfull gratitude vnto them all,
Which they receiued with so kind respect,
And loue vnto your royall maiestie,
As it appearede to vs they sorrowed,
Their bountie to your Highnesse was no moze.

K. Lord Maior, thanks to your selfe and them,
And go ye with vs now into the Tower,
To see the order that we shall obserue,
In this so needfull preparation.
The better may you signifie to them,
What need there was of their beneuolence.

Ma. Ile waite vpon your gracious Maiestie,
Yet there is one thing which much grieueth me. aside.

Exeunt.

Enter Shoare, and two watermen bearing his trunks.

Sho. Go honest fellows, beare my trunks aboord,
And tell the master ile come presently.

Enter mistris Shoare, Lady-like attyred, with diuers
supplications in her hand, she vnpinning
her maske, and attended on by
many iourours.

1. Wa. Wee will sir, but what Ladie haue we here?
Belike she is of no meane countenance,
That hath so many iourours waiting on her.

Sho. Go one of you, I pray ye enquire her name.

1. Wa. My honest friend, what Ladie call ye this?

Aire. Her name is mistris Shoare, she brings halowes,

The first part of

A speciall friend to satyrs at the Court.

S. Her name is mistress Shoare the Kings beloned?

Where shall I hide my head, or stop mine eares,

But like an owle I shall be wondred at?

When she with me was wont to walke the streets,

The people then as she did passe along,

Would say there goes faire modest mistress Shoare,

When she, attended like a Cittie Dame,

Was praised of matrons. So that Citizens,

When they would speake of ought unto their wives,

Fetcht their example still from mistress Shoare.

But now she goes deckt in her courtly robes,

This is not she that once in seemly blacks,

Was the chaste sober wife of Mathew Shoare,

For now she is King Edwards Concubine,

Oh great ill title, honozable spaine,

Her good I had, but King her ill is thine,

Once Shoares true wife, now Edwards Concubine.

Among the rest ile note her new behaviour.

All this while she stands conferring privately with

her sutors, and looking on their bills.

Aire. Good mistress Shoare remember my sonnes life.

Ia. What is thy name?

Aire. My name is Thomas Aire.

Ia. There is his pardon signed by the King.

Aire. In signe of humble heartie thankfulness,

Take this to angels twentie pound.

Ia. What thinke ye, that I buy and sell for bythes,

His highnesse favour, or his sublets blond?

No, without gifts God grant I may do good,

For all my good cannot redeme my ill,

Yet to do good I will inhaunt still.

Sho. Yet all this go ad doth but gild oze thy ill.

Palmer. Mistress the restitution of my lands,

Taken perforce by his highnesse officers.

Ia. The thing is content your goods shall be restore,

But

King Edward the fourth.

But the officers will hardly yeeld thereto,
Yet be content ife so ye haue no wrong.

Sho. Thou canst not say to me so, I haue wrong.

Lockie. Whis is gods faith give yeeld help me til my laund,
toblike the faultie loune Billie Grime of Gendale hands wrong-
fully fra me: ife to bite your gudenesse with a bonnie nag, sall
swum away so deffly as the winde.

Iane. Your sute my friend, requires a longer time,
Yet since you dwell so farre off, to raise your charge,
Your diet with my seruants you may take,
And some reliefe ife get thee of the King.

Sho. Its cold reliefe thou getst me from the King.

Lockie. Now Gods blessing light on that godly faire face,
ife be your true headsmans mistrie, indeede sall I.

Pal. God blesse the care you haue of doing good.

Aire. Pittie she should miscarie in her life,
That beares so sweet a mind in doing good.

Sho. So say I too, oh Iane, this kills my heart,
That thou reck's others, and not ca'st my smart.

Rufford. Whis is I feare you haue forgot my sute.

Iane. Oh, tis for a licence to transport corne from this land,
e lead, to foraine Realmes. I had your bill, but I haue toyme
your bill, and there no shame I thinke to testre your eares,
that care not how you wound the common wealth. The poore
must sterue for sod to fill your purse. And the enemye bandis
bullets of our lead. So master Rufford, ife not speake for you
except it be to haue you punished.

Lock. By the quene a deff loss. Christ's benison light on her.
She spies her husband walking aloofe off, and not know-
ing him, takes him for another sutor.

Iane. Is that another sutor? I haue no bill of his.
For one of you may know what he would haue.

Sho. Yes Iane, the bill of my obliged faith,
And I had thine, but thou hast cancelled it.

Here she knowes him, and lamenting,
comes to him.

The first part of

Iane. Oh God it is my husband, kind Matthew Shoare.

Sho. Ah Iane, what's he dare say he is thy husband?

Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so,

Thou wast a maid, a maid when thou wast wife,

Thou wast a wife euen when thou wast a maide,

So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast,

But now thou art diuorced, whiles yet he liues,

That was thy husband, while thou wast his wife,

Thy wife good Iane, by thy dishonoured life,

For now thou art no widow, maid, nor wife.

Ia. I must confesse I yeelded by the Foote,

Wherein lay all the riches of my ioy,

But yet sweet Shoare, before I yeelded it,

I did indure the long and greatest siege,

That euer battred on poore chastitie,

And but to him that did assault the same,

For euer it had been insurmountable,

But I will yeeld it backe againe to thee.

He cannot blame me, though it be so done,

To loose by me what first by me was wonne.

Sho. Ah Iane, there is no place allowde for me,

Where once a King hath tane possession.

Heane men brooke not a Riual in their loue,

Such lesse so high vntoald spales ite,

A Concubine to one so great as Edward,

As farre to great to be the wife of Shoare.

Ia. I will refuse the pleasure of the Court,

Let me go with thee Shoare, though not as wife,

Yet as thy Iane, since I haue lost that name,

I will redeme the wrong that I haue done thee,

With my true seruice, if thou wilt accept it.

Sho. Thou go with me Iane, oh God forbid,

That I should be a trapt to my King,

Shall I become a sellon to his pleasures,

And fly away as guiltie of the theft?

So my deare Iane, I say it may not be,

King Edward the fourth.

Oh what have Iobiers that is not their things?
He not examine his prerogative.

Ia. Why then sweet Mar, let me intreat thee say,
What ist with Edward that I cannot doe?
He make thee wealthier then ere Richard was,
That entertaind the thre great Kings in Europe,
And feasted them in London on a day.
Aske what thou wilt, were it a million,
That may content thee, thou shalt haue it Shoare.

Sho. Indeed this were some comfort to a man,
That tasted want o' worldly miserie,
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne,
All worldly losses are but toies to mine,
Oh, all my wealth, the losse of thee was moze,
Then euer time o' fortune can restore.
Therefore sweet Iane farewell, once thou wast mine,
Too rich for me, and that King Edward knew,
Awhile, oh world he shall deceiue be,
That puts his trust in women o' in thee.

Ia. Ah Shoare farewell, poore heart in death he tell,
I euer lou'd thee Shoare, farewell, farewell. Exit.

Enter King Edward, Lord Maior, Howard, Sel-
linger and the traine.

King. Having awakt forth of their sleepe dens
Our druzyle Cannons, which ere long shall charme
The watchfull French, with deaths eternall sleepe,
And all things else in readinesse for France,
A while we will giue truce vnto our care,
There is a merrie Tanner neere at hand,
With whom we meane to be a little merrie.
Therefore I bid Maior, and you my other friends,
I must intreat you, not to knowledg me,
No man stand bare, all as companions,
Giue me a cloake, that I may be disguis'd,
Tom Sellinger, go thou and take another.

The first part of

So Tanner, now come when ye please, we are provided,
And in good time see he is come already.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellenger, go thou and meets him.

Se.. What Iohn Hobs: welcome (saith to comr.

Hob. Gramercies honest Tom, where is the hangman
Ned? where is that mad rascall, shall I not see him?

Sel. See here he stands: that same is he.

Hob. What Ned? a plague found thee, how dost thou for a
villaine: how dost thou mad rogue, and how, and how?

King. In health Iohn Hobs, and verie glad to see thee,
But say, what wind dyone thee to London?

Hobs. Ah Ned, I was brought hither with a wittlewilde
man, my sonne my sonne, did I not tell thee I had a knave to
my sonne?

King. Yes Tanner, what of him?

Hob. Faith heers in Caperdoche Ned, in Stafford Goale, for
a robbetrie, and is like to be hangde, except thou get the King
to be moze miserable to him.

King. If that be all Tanner, Ile warrant him,
I will procure his pardon of the king.

Hobs. Willt thou Ned, for those good words, see what my
Daughter Nell hath sent thee, a handkercher wrought with
as good Conentrie silke blew speed, as ever thou sawest.

King. And I pethaps may weare it for her sake,
In better presence then thou art aware of.

Hobs. How Ned, a better present? that canst thou not haue
for silke, cloath, and workmanship, why Nell made it man.
But Ned, is not the King in this companie, whats hee in the
long beard and the redde peticoate? before Cooke I misdoubt
Ned that is the King. I know it by my Lord what ye calles
plaiers.

King. How by them Tanner?

Hob. Euer when the play an Enterloute or a comedie
at Camworth, the King attires is in a long beard, and a red
gotone like him, therefore I spekt him to be the King.

King.

King Edward the fourth.

King. Do trust me Tanner, this is not the King, but thou shalt see the King before thou goest, and haue a pardon for thy sonne with thee.

This man is the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor of London, here was the Recorder too, but he is gone.

Hobs. What nicknames these courtfooles haue: Spare and Cordeur quotha we haue no such at A litchfield, there is the honest Bayliffe and his brethren. Such words greue best with vs.

King. My Lord Mayor, I pray ye for my sake, to bidde this honest Tanner welcome.

Mayor. You are welcome my honest friend, In signe whereof I pray you see my house, And suppe with me this night.

Hobs. I thanke ye good goodman Mayor, but I care not for no meate, my stomake is like to a sickes swine, that will neither eate nor drinke, till she know what shall become of her pigge. Ned and Tom, you promise me a good turne when I came to Court, either doe it now, or go hange your selues.

King. So sooner comes the King, but I will do it.

Scl. I warrant thee Tanner, feare not thy sonnes life.

Hobs. Nay, I feare not his life, I feare his death.

Enter Master of Saint Katherines, and
Widow Norton.

Master. All health and happynesse to my Soueraigne.

King. The Master of Saint Katherines hath mard all.

Hob. Out, alas that euer I was bozne.

The Tanner falls in a swoond, they labour to reuiue him,
meane while the King puts on his royall robes.

King. Looke to the Tanner there, he takes no harme,
I would not haue him (for my crowne) miscarie.

Wid. Let me come to him by my Kings good leane,

A

Peras

The first part of

Heres ginger honest man, bite it.

Hoba. Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs bafe,
I am but a dead man, ah my Liege, that you should deale so
with a pooze wel meaning man, but it makes no matter, I
can but die.

King. But when Tanner canst thou tell?

Hoba. Sayeuen when you please, for I haue so defended
ye, by calling ye plaine Ned, mad rogue and rascall, that I
know youle haue me hangde. Therefore make no moze ado,
but send me downe to Staffoꝝd, and there a Cocks name
hang mee with my sonne. And heres another as honest as
your selfe, you made me call him plaine Tom: I warrant his
name is Thomas, and some man of troysshippe too, therefore
lets tott, euen when and where ye will.

King. Tanner attend, not onely do we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee,
And thy sonnes trespasses do we pardon too.
Dye, goe and see that swithwith it be done,
Under our seale of England, as it ought,
And for tie pounds we giue thee to defraye
Thy charges in thy comming vnto London.
Now Tanner what saist thou to vs?

Hob. Parrie you speake like an honest man, if
you meane as you say.

King. We meane it Tanner, on our rovall
word.

Now master of S. Kathelines what would you?

M. My gracious Lord the great beneuolence,
(Though small to that your ioblers coulde asseigne,
Of pooze S. Kathelines do I bring your grace)
Fifteen hundred pounds here haue they sent by me,
For the easter pittance all in angell gold,
What this good to do to mistris Norton will,
She comes her selfe, and bringe a peece of gill with her.

Wid. Pardon me gracious Lord: presumption,
For ouer trusting in mine owne conceit,

King Edward the fourth.

spakes me thus bold to come before your Grace,
But lone and dutie to your maiestie :

And great desire to see my Lord the King.

Our master here spake of beneuolence,

And said my twentieth nobles was enough.

I thought not so, but at your Highnesse seete,

A widowes mite a token of her zeale,

In humble dutie giues you twentieth pound.

K. How by my crowne, a gallant lustie girle,

Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,

This womans liberalitie likes me best.

Is thy name Norton?

Wid. I my gracious Liege.

K. How long hast thou been a widow?

Wid. It is my Lord,

Since I did burie Wilkin my good man,

At Shyometide next euen inst a dozen yeares.

K. In all which space couldest thou not finde a man

On whom thou mightst bestow thy selfe againe?

Wid. Not any like my Wilkin, whose deare lone

I know is matchlesse, in respect of whom,

I thinke not any worthe of a kisse.

K. No widow that she try, how like you this?

He kisseth her.

Wid. Bespoken my heart, it was a homely kisse,

Able to make an aged woman young.

And for the same most sweet and lovely Prince,

See what the widow giues you from her boys,

Fortie old angels but for one kisse more.

K. Marie Widow thou shalt haue it,

John Hobs thou art a Widowes,

Lackst thou such a wife?

Hobs. Smalles, twentieth pound a kisse? had ther as manie

As

twentie

The first part of

twentie pound bags as I haue knobs of barke in my fanlat
thes might kisse them alway in a quarter of a peare. He no
Saint Bathet hies widowes, if kiffes be so deare.

Widow. Clubs and clouted shooes, theres none enamour
here.

King. Lord Spaloz, we thanke you and entreat withall,
To recommend vs to our Citizens:

We most for France, we bid you all farewell,
Come Tannar thou shalt goe with vs to court,
To morrow you shall dine with my Lord Spaloz,
And after ward set homeward when ye please:
God and our right that onely fight for vs,
Adieu, pray that our toile prove prosperous.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





The Second part of King Edward
the Fourth . Containing his iourney into
France , for the obtaining of his right there : The
treacherous fallshood of the Duke of Burgundie , and
the Constable of France vsed against him , and his
returne home againe . Lykewise the profe-
cution of the historie of M. Shours
and his faire wife : Concluding with
the lamentable death of
them both.

Enter King Edward, Sellinger, and Souldiers
marching.

Edward.

In this the aide our cosin Burgundie,
And the great Constable of France assured vs?
Haue we marched thus farre through the heart of France?
And with the terror of our English drums,
Rouzd the pooze trembling French, which leaue their towns.
That now the Wolues affrighted from the fields,
Do get their pray, and kennell in their streets:
Our thundring Canons now this fortnight space,
Like common Bell-men in some market towne,
Haue cried the constable and Burgundie:
But yet I see they come not to our aide,
Whele hyng them in, or by the blessed light,
Whele search the ground-sles of their Cities walles,

The second part of

Since you haue brought me hither: I will make,
The proudest tower that stands in France to quake.
I marshall Scales returns not, for by him
I doe expect to heare their resolutions.

Enter the Lord Scales.

How. My Soueraigne he is happily returned.

Ed. Welcome my Lord, welcome good cousin Scales,
What newes from Burgundie, what is his answer?
What comes he to our succour as he promised?

Scal. Not by his good will, for ought that I can see
He lingers still in his long siege at Rase.

I bide his promise and your expectation,
Euen to the force and compasse of my spirit,
I cheerd my firme perswasions with your hopes,
And gilbed them with my best Oratorie,

I framde my speech still stely as I found
The temper of his humour, to be wrought vpon,
But still I found him earthily, vnresolute,
Goodlie, and me thought ener through his eyes,
I saw his waivering and vnsettled spirit,
And to be shyft, subtile and treacherous,
And one that doth intend no good to you,
And he will come and yet he wanteth power,
He would faine come, but may not leaue the siege,
He hopes he shall, but yet he knowes not when,
He purposed, but some impediments,
Haue hindred his determined intent.

But sir, I thinke he will not come at all.

Ed. But is he like to take the towne of Rase?

Sca. My Lord the towne is liker to take him,
That if he chance to come to you at all,
Tis but for succour.

Ed. But what saies Count S. Paul?

Sca. My Lord he lies and remelles at S. Quintins,
And laughs at Edwards comming into Fraunce,
There domitnering with his drunken crew,

King Edward the fourth.

Spake Jigges of vs, and in their flauering testis,
Tell how like rogues we lie here in the field,
Then comes a flane one of these drunken sots,
In towth a Tauerne reckoning for a supplication,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A dyawlers apron for a Heralds coate,
And tels the Count, the King of England craves
One of his woorthie honours dog kennels,
To be his lodging for a day or two.
With some such other Tauerne foolerie:
With that this filthie rascall greasse rout,
Burst out in laughter at this woorthie test,
Reighing like horses: thus the Count Saint Paul
Regards his promise to your maiestie.

Ed. Will no man thrust the flane into a sack but?

Sel. Now by this light were I but neere the flane
With a blacke sacke I would beate out his braines.

Ho. If it please your highnes but to say the word
Weele plucke him out of Quingins by the eares.

Ed. So cosin Howard: weele reserve our valour,
For better purpose, since they both refuse vs,
Our selues will be vnrinalde in our honour:
Now our first cast my Lord is at maine France,
Whilst yet our armie is in health and strong,
And haue we once but broke into that warre,
I will not leaue S. Paul, nor Burgundie,
Not a bare Pigscote to spound them in
Heranide.

Her. My Soueraigne.

Ed. So Herald, and to Lewes the french King,
Denounce sterne warre, and tell him I am come.
To take possession of my Realme of France.
Defie him boldly from vs, be thy voice
As sterce as thunder, to affright his soule:
Herald be gone I say, with thy breath,
Piercing as lightning, and thy word as death.

The second part of

Her. I goe my Liege resolute to your high will. Exe.
Ed. Douns Drum I say. let forward with our power,
And France ere long expect a dreadfull hower,
I will not take the English standers downe,
Till thou empale my temples with thy crowne.

Enter Lewes the French King, Burbon, and S. Pier, with
the Herauld of England.

K. Lewes. Herauld of England, we are please to heare,
What message thou hast brought vs from thy King.
Prepare thy selfe and be aduise in speech.

English Herauld. Right gracious and most Christian
king of France,

I come not to thy presence vnpreparde,
To do the messags of my Royall Liege.

Edward the fourth, of England and of France,
The lawfull King; and Lord of Ireland,

Whose puissant magnanimous breast incensde,

Through manifold notorious injuries,

Offred by thee King Lewes and thy French,

Against his title to the crowne of France,

And right in all these Dukedomes following,

Aquitaine, Aniou, Guyen, Agoileme.

Breathes forth by me the Organ of his speech,

Hostile defiance to thy realme and thee:

And trampling now vpon the face of France,

With barbed boyle, and ballant armed soote:

Himselfe the leader of those martiall troupes,

Bids thee to battell where and when thou darst,

Except thou make such restitution

And yearly tribute on good hostages,

As may content his iust concidered wrath,

And to this message answer I expect.

Lew. Right peremptorie is this ambassage,

And were my Royall Brother of England pleasde,

King Edward the fourth.

To entertain those kind affections,
 Wherewith we doe embrace this amitie:
 Needlesse were all these thunder-threatning words,
 Let heauen (where all our thoughts are registered)
 Beare record, with what deep desire of peace,
 We shall subscribe to such conditions,
 As equitie for England shall propound.
 If Edward haue sustained wrong in France,
 Lewes was neuer author of that wrong,
 Yet faultles he will make due recompence,
 We are assurde that his maiesties thoughts
 In his mild spirit did neuer meane these warres;
 Till Charles Burgundie once our saluing friend,
 But now our open foe, and Count S. Paul,
 Our subiect once and Constable of France,
 But now a traitor to our realme are vs,
 Where motives to incite him vnto armes,
 Which hauing done will leaue him on my life.

Her. The King my master reckes not Burgundie,
 And scornes S. Paul that treacherous constable;
 His puissance is sufficient in it selfe,
 To conquer France like his progenitors.

K. L. We shall not needs to waite by force of warre,
 Where peace shall yeeld him more then he can win:
 We couet peace and we will purchase it,
 At any rate that reason can demand,
 And it is better England ioyne in league
 With vs his strong, old, open-enemis,
 Then with those weake and new dissembling friends.
 We do secure vs from our open foes,
 But trust in friends (though faithlesse) we repose,
 My Lord S. Pierre and cousin Burbon speake,
 What censure yon of Burgundie, and S. Paul?

S. Pi. Dread Lord, it is well knowne that Burgundie
 Made shew of tender seruice to your maiestie,
 Till by the engine of his flatterers,

The second part of *Henry VIII*

He made a breach into your highnesse loue,
Where entred once and thereof full possess,
He so abuses that royall excellence,
By getting footing into many totones,
Castles and forts belonging to your crowne,
That now he holds them gainst your realme and you.

Bur. And Count S. Paul. the Constable of France,
Ambitious in that high authoritie,
Usurps the lands and Seigneries of those
That are true subjects, noble peers of France,
Your boundlesse fauours did him first suborne,
And now to be your Liegeman he thinks scoyne.

Lew. By this, confecture the vnderable course,
Thy royall master undertakes in France,
And Herald intimate what seruient zeale,
We haue to league with Edward and his English,
Thre hundred crownes we giue thee for reward,
And of rich crimson belnet thirtie yardes,
In hope thou wilt vnto thy Soueraigne tell,
We shew thee not one discontented looke,
Nor render him one misbeholden word:
But his defiance and his dare to warre
We swallow with the supple oile of peace,
Which gentle Herald if thou canst procure,
A thousand crownes shall iustly gerdon thee.

Her. So please it your most sacred maiestie,
To send vnto my gracious Soueraigne,
Equall conditions for the bonds of peace,
And restitution of his iniuries,
His temper is not of obdurate malice,
But sweet relenting princely clemencie:
Performe your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fit messenger,
And I will undertake to worke your peace.

Lew. By the true honour of a Christian King,
Effect our peace and thou shalt haue our crownes,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And we will passe a herauld after thee,
That shall confirme thy speech, and our designs:
Goe Mugeroune, see to this Herauld given
The velvet and three hundred crowns preposde,
Farewell good friend, remember our request,
And kindly commend vs to King Edward.

Exeunt English Herauld and Mugeroune.

How thinke ye Lords, is not moze requisite
To make our peace, then warre with Englands powere.

Burb. Oes gracious Lord, the wounds are bleeding yet,
That Talbot, Bedford, and King Henrie made,
Which peace must cure, or France shall languish still.

S. Pier. Besides my Lioge, by these intestine foes,
The constable and treacherous Burgundie,
The State's in danger if the English stirre.

Enter Mugeroune.

K. Lew. It is perilous and full of doubt my Lords,
The most hure peace with England euer way,
Who shall be Herauld in these high affairs?

Burb. No better man then Monsieur Mugeroune,
Whose wit is sharpe, whose eloquence is sound,
His presence gracious, and his courage good,
A gentleman, a scholler, and a souldiour,
A complest man for such an embassie:
Art thou content to be imployde Mugeroune,
In this negotiation to King Edward?

Mug. If your most sacred Maiestie command,
Your humble bassall Mugeroune shall goe.

K. Lew. Gramercies Mugeroune, but thou must assume
A Heraulds habit and his office both,
To pleade our loue and to procure vs peace
With English Edward, for the good of France.

Mug. I know the matter and the forme my Lord:
Gine me my Heraulds coate, and I am gone.

K. Lew. Thou art a man composde for businesse,
Attend on vs for thy instructions.

The second part of

And other fit supplies for these affaires,
And for thy diligence expect reward. **Exeunt.**

Enter severall waies Burgundie and the Constable of France.

Con. Whither a way so fast goes Burgundie?

Bur. Nay rather whither goes the constable?

Con. Why to king Edward (man) is he not come?
Spanst thou not likewise to go visite him?

Bur. Oh excellent, I know that in thy soule,
Thou knowest that I do purpose nothing lesse.

Nay I do know for all thy outward shew,
Thou hast no meaning once to looke on him.

Another dissembler, leave this colouring,
With him that meanes as falsely as thy selfe.

Con. I but thou knowst that Edward on our letters,
And hoping our assistance when he came,
Did make this purpose voyage into France,
And with his forces is he here arride,
Trusting that we will keep our word with him.
Now though we meane it not, yet let a face
Upon the matter, as though we intended
To keepe our word with him effectually.

Bur. And for my better countenance in this case,
My lingring siege at Nuse will serue the turne,
There will I spend the time to disappoint
King Edwards hope of my consoyning with him.

Con. And I will keepe me still herein S. Quintins,
Pretending mightie matters for his aide,
But not performing any on my word,
The rather Burgundie, because I aime
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,
I fall hit right to expectation,
In the meane space like a good craftie knave,
That bugs the man he wilstheth hangd in heart,

{ All
this
aside.

Keepe

King Edward the fourth.

Keepe I faire weather still with Burgundie,
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.

Ici font mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.

Bur. Ici font mon secrets, beau temps pour moy?

Are ye so craftie Constable & proceed, proceed,

You quick sharpe sighted man, imagine me

Blinde, witlesse, and a silly Idiot,

That pries not into all your policies,

Who I & no, God doth know my simple wit

Can neuer sound a Judgment of such reach,

As in our cunning Constable of France:

Perswade thy selfe so still, and when time serues,

And that thou art in most extremitie,

Needing my helpe, then take thou heed of me:

In meane while Sir, you are the onely man

That hath my heart: hath I, and great reason too,

Thus it befits men of deepe reach to do.

Well constable poule backe againe to Nise,

And not aide English Edward?

Con. What else man?

And keepe thee in S. Quintins, so shall wee

Smile at King Edwards weake capacitie. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, with Burgundie, Howard,

Sellinger and Scales.

K. Ed. Tell not me Burgundie, tis I am wrongde.

And you haue dealt like a dissotall Knight.

Bu. Edward of England, these are unkingly words.

King. He that will do (my Lord) what he should not,

Must and shall heare of me what he would not,

I say againe you haue deluded me.

Bur. Am I not come according to my word?

K. So Charles of Burgundie, thy word was giuen

To meet with me in April. now tis August,

The place appointed Calice, not Lorraine,

And thy approach to be with martiall troupes:

But thou art come, not hanting in thy traine,

The second part of

So much as page or lacke to attend thee;
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength enough to answer our expect:
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.

Burg. My forces lay before the citie Nase,
From which I could not rise, but with dishonour;
Unlesse vpon some composition had.

K. Ed. There was no such exception in your letters,
Why smiles Lord Scales?

Scales. My man reports my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made,
Was meere compulsion: for the citizens
Draue him from thence perforce.

K. Ed. I thought so much.
We should not yet haue serue your excellence,
But that your heeles were better then your hands.

Bur. Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

K. Ed. Letting that passe it shall be seene my Lord,
That we are able of our selues to claime
Our right in France, without of your assistance;
Or any others, but the helpe of heauen.

Bur. I make no question of it, yet the constable
Press with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excusde vs both if he had please.

K. Ed. Accuse him not, your cities as we came;
There even as much to be condemnde as his,
They gaue vs leave to lie within the field,
And scarcely would affoord vs meate for money.
This was small friendship in respect of that,
You had ingagde your honour to performe.
But march we forward as we were determined,
This is S. Quierins, where you say my Lord,
The constable is ready to receiue vs.

Bur. So much he signified to me by letter.

K. Ed. Well we shall see his entertainment: forward.

King Edward the fourth.

As they march vpon the stage, the Lord Scales is
strooke down, and two souldiours slaine outright,
with great shot from the towne.

Fly to our maine battell: bid them stand,
Theres treason plotted: speake to me Lord Scales,
O; if there be no power of life remaining,
To bitter thy hearts grienance, make a signe.
Two of our common souldiers slaine beside,
This is hard welcome: but it was not you,
At whom the fatall enginer did aime,
My breast the leuell was, though you the marks,
In which conspiracie answer me Duke,
Is not thy soule as guiltie as the Charles?

Bur. Perish my soule, King Edward, if I knew
Of any such intencion: yet I did, and grieues that it aside.
hath sped no otherwise.

K. Ed. Howard and Sellinger.

Burgundie steales away.

What is there hope of life in none of them?

Ho. The souldiers are both slaine outright my Lord.
But the Lord Scales a little is recovered.

K. Ed. Conuay his bodie to our pavillion,
And let our Surgeons vse all diligence
They can deuise for safegard of his life,
Whilst we with all extremitie of warre,
Goe plague S. Quintins: Howard fetch on our powers,
We will not stirre a foote, till we haue shewne
Iust vengeance on the constable of France.
Oh Cocke, to waue vs first to passe the sea,
And at our coming thus to haunt with vs,
I thinke the like thereof was neuer scene,
But wheres the Duke?

Scl. Gone as it seemes my Lord,
Stept secretly away, as one that knew
His conscience would accuse him if he staid.

K. Ed.

The second part of

K. Ed. A paire of mass dissembling hypocrites;
Is he and this base Earle, on whom I bow,
Leaving King Lewis vnpreiudic'd in peace;
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage,
Their streets shall sweat with their effused blood,
And this bright Sunne be darkened with the smoke
Of smouldring cinders, when their citie lies
Buried in ashes of reuengefull fire,
On whose pale superficies in the dead
Of parchment, with my lance I draw these lines,
Edward of England left this memorie,
In iust reuenge of hatefull trecherie.

Enter Howard againe.

Lord Howard haue you done as I commanded?

How. Our battailes are disposed, and on the point
Of enery inferiour seruiter my Lord,
You might behold destruction figured,
Greedyly thirsting to begin the fight:
But when no longer they might be restrainde,
And that the drumme and trumpet both began
To sound warres cheerfull harmonie: behold,
A flagge of truce vpon the walls was hang'd,
And forth the gates did issue meekly pac't,
Three men, whereof the constable is one,
The other two the Gunner and his mate,
By whose grosse over-sight (as they report)
This sudden chance vniuitingly befell.

K. Ed. Bring forth the constable: and the other two,
See them safe guarded till you know our pleasure.

Enter the Constable and Howard.

How my Lord Howard, how ill with Scales?

Ho. Well my deare Soueraigne, now his wound is dress'd,
And by the opinion of the Surgeons,
Its thought he shall not perish by this hurt.

K. Ed. I am the gladder, but vnfaithful Earle,
I do not see how yet I can dispence.

King Edward the fourth.

With thy submission, this was not the welcome,
Your letters sent to England, promise me.

Con. Right high and mighty Prince condemne me not.
That am as innocent in this offence,
As any souldier in the English arms,
The fault is in our gunners ignorance,
Who taking you for Lewes King of France,
That likewise is within the cities hennie,
Made that unlocke shot to beate him backe,
And not of malice to your maiestie.

To knowledge which, I brought them with my selfe,
And thirtie thousand crownes within my purse,
Sent by the Burgers to redorne your lacke.

K. Ed. Constable of France, we will not sell a drop
Of English blood, for all the gold in France:
But in so much two of our men are slaine,
To quit their deaths, those two that came with thee
Shall both be crambe into a cannons mouth,
And so be shot into the towne againe:
It is not like but that they know our colours,
And of set purpose did this villanie:
For can I be perswaded otherwise,
But that our person was the mark they aimed at:
Yet are we well contented to hold you excused,
For our souldiers must be satisfied,
And therefore first shall be distributed,
These crownes amongst them, then shall you return,
And of your best promise send to us,
Thirtie twaine loads, besides twelue tunns of wine,
This if the Burgers will subscribe unto,
Their peace is made, otherwile I will proclaime,
Free libertie for all to take the spoile.

Con. Your highnes shall be answered presently,
And I will see these articles performed.

K. Ed. Yet one thing more, I will that you my Lord,
Together with the Duke of Burgundie,

The second part of

Do ere to morrow noone bring all your force,
And loyne with ours, or else we do recant,
And these conditions shall be frustrate.

Com. Spine are at hand my Lord, and I will write,
The Duke may likewise be in readinesse.

K. Ed. Let him have safe conduct through our armie,
And gainst the morning enery leader see
His troopes be furnisht, for no longer time,
Cocks willing shall the triall be deferred;
Twist Lewis and he. What echoing sound is this?

Scl. A gentleman from the K. of France my Lord,
Craves parlance with your excellence.

K. Ed. A gentleman? bring him in,
What newes a Cocks name from our brother Lewis?

Enter Mugeroun.

Mu. Most puissant and most honorable King,
My royall master, Lewis the King of France,
Doth greet your highnesse with unsained loue,
Wishing your health, prosperitie and roie,
And thus he saies by me. When was it seene,
That ever Lewis pretended hurt to England,
Either by close conspiratoys sent over,
To undermine your state, or openly
By taking armes, with purpose to invade?
Say when was it, that Lewis was euer heard,
So much as to detract from Edwards name?
But still hath done him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts,
Of wisdoms valour, and heroicke birth:
Whence is it then that Edward is incensed,
To render hate for loue, his amitie to arme
Not of himselfe we know: but by the meane
Of some infectious counsell; that like mud,
Would spolie the pure temper of his noble minde.
It is the Duke and that pernicious rebell,
Charles of S. Paul, have set abroach these warres,

'King Edward the fourth.'

Who of themselves vnable to proceede,
Would make your grace the instrument of toying;
And when you haue done what you can for them,
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and dissembled with.
But if it might seeme gracious in your eye,
To cast off these despitous considerates,
Unfit companions for so great a Prince,
And to pue in league with Lewis my royall master,
Him shall you find as willing as of power,
To do your grace all offices of love:
And what commodities may spring thereby,
To both these realms, your Grace is wise enough,
Without my rude suggestions to imagine:
Besides, much bloodshed for this present time,
Will be prevented when two such personages
Shall meete together to shake hands in peace,
And not with shock of lance and Cortelore.
That Lewis is willing, I am his substitute,
And he himselfe in person if you please,
Not farre from hence will signifie as much.

K. Ed. Sit with you and giue vs leaue awhile,
To take aduise of our Counsellors,
What say ye lordes vnto this proffered truce?

Ho. In my conceit let it not be slippt my Lord.

Sel. Will not be dishonour hauing landed
So great an armie in these parts of France,
And not to fight before we do returne?

Ho. How can it when the enemy submits,
And of himselfe makes tender of allegiance?

Sel. I that's the question whether he will yeeld,
And so King Edward saith he no.

Ed. What talke ye lordes: he shall subscribe to that,
Or no condition he accept at all.

Ho. Let him be bound my lord to pay your grace,
Toward your expences, since your counselling ouer,

The second part of

Seauentie fine thou shalt receive of the Duke,
And yearly after fifty thousand mace,
During your life with homage the record hall,
That he doth hold his capital in feowen you,
And take his offer, thou shalt not be awide.

Ed. It shall be so, you shall see the articles,
And Sellinger call forth the challenger,
Bzing with thee too, a cup of massie gold,
And bid the bearer of our paines pitee,
Inclose therein a hundred English Myols;
Friend we do accept thy masters languag,
With no lesse firme affection then he craves;
If he will meete us here betwixt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirmed by oth,
In this condition that he will subscribe,
To certaine articles shall be proposed,
And so thou hast thy answer, to requite
Thy paines herein, we give to thee this cup.

Her. Health and increase of honour to our Edward.

Ed. Lord Howard bzing the Frenchman on his way.
King Lewis is one that never was yett here;
But now Lord Howard and Tom Sellinger,
There is a task he requires you to do,
And that is this, you two shall be deliuitive,
And one of you repaire to Burgundie,
The other to the Countie of France,
Where you shall leape in locust if you can,
If they intend to meet us here to morrow,
O; how they take this our errand to the France,
Somewhat it gars me you will bring down the pace,
What; this the morning, shall you thus returne it?

Sel. With all my hart my A. I am at the Countie.

How. And thus to the Countie of France.

Ed. O; how they take this our errand to the France.

Mc. The things I hear my A; I am at the Countie.

King Edward the fourth.

Is marching hitherward to meete your Grace.

Ed. He shall be welcome, had thou knowne the articles.

Mc. For my dread Soueraigne.

Ed. Goe, call forth our traine,

Wile may receiue him with like maiestie.

Enter certaine Noblemen and Souldiers with a
Drumme, they march about the stage, then enter

King Lewis, and his traine, and meete with

King Edward, the Kings embrace.

K. Lew. My princely brother, we are grieved much;
To thinke you haue been at so great a charge
And told your royall selfe so farre from home,
Upon the vnconstant promise of those men,
That both dissemble with your Grace and me.

K. Ed. Brother of France you might condemne vs rightly,
Not onely of great wrongs and toils sustaine,
But of exceeding folly, if iusticed,
Wile had profumde to enter these Dominions,
Upon no other reason then the Pope,
And weake assistance of the Curie & Paul,
By Burgundies perswasion: tis our right,
That wings the bodie of composed warre.
And though we liued to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapt the course of our affaires,
As of our selues we might be able stand,
Withouth the trusting to a broken staffe.

Lew. I know your maiestie has more discretion,
But this is not the occasion of our meeting.
If you be please to entertaine apaine,
My Kingly brother in the sight of these,
And of the all discouering eyes of heauen,
Let vs embrace, for as my life I sweare,
I tender England and your happinesse.

K. Ed. The like do I by you and thank the France,
But princely brother and this must be last,

The second part of

There are some few conditions to be signe,
That done I am as ready as your selfe.

K. Lew. Faire brother, let us heare them what they be.

K. Ed. Herald repeat the articles.

Her. First it is conenanted that Lewis King of France, according to the custome of his pcedecessors, shall do homage to King Edward, King of England, as his Soueraigne and true heire to all the dominions of France.

Burb. How as his Soueraigne & that were to depose
And quite bereave him of his Diademe.

Will kindly Lewis stoop to such a vassallage &

K. Ed. Burbon, and if he will not let him choose.

K. L. Brother have patience, Burbon seale your lips,
And interrupt not these high consequents.
Forward Herald, what is else demanded?

Her. Secondly, it is conenanted that Lewis King of France, shall pay unto Edward King of England, immediately upon the agreement betwixt their maiesties, seauentie five thousand crownes of the sunne, toward the charge King Edward hath been at, since his arrivall in these parts of France.

Burb. Mort dieu, Heele neither leave him crown nor coin.

K. Lew. Burbon I say be silent, Herald read on.

Her. Thirdly and lastly, it is conenanted, that over and beside those seauentie five thousand crownes of the sunne, now presently to be paid, Lewis King of France shall yearly hereafter, during the life of Edward King of England, pay fiftie thousand crownes moze without fraude, or guile, to bee ten- dyed at his maiesties Castle, commonly called the towre of London.

Burb. Pay bind him that he bying his Roydshyp a couple of
Capons too every peare beside.

Here is a peace indeed farr worse then warre.

K. Ed. Brother of France are you resolute to doe,
According as you heare the conenants bydone &

K. L. Brother of England mount your royall throne.
For subiects weale, and glorie of my God,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And to deale iustly with the world beside,
Knowing your title to be lineall,
From the great Edward of that name the third,
Your predecessor; thus I do resigne,
Giving my Crowne and Scepter to your hand,
As an obedient Liegeman to your grace.

K. Ed. The same I do deliver backe againe,
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other covenants.

K. Lew. Those my Lord,
Shall likewise be performed with expedition,
And ever after as you have prescribed,
The yearly pension shall be truly paid.

Hér. Swears on this booke King Lewis to help you God,
You meane no otherwise then you have said.

K. Lew. So helpe me Cocke as I dissemble not.

K. Ed. And so helpe me as I intend to keepe
Unsained league and truce with noble France:
And kingly brother now to consummate
This happie day seal in our rofall tent,
English and French are one, so it is meant.

Exeunt.

Enter at one dore, Burgundie chacing, with him
Sellingier disguised like a souldiour, at another
the Constable of France, with him Ho-
ward in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded, saist thou? Is not so?

Sel. My Lord I do assure you it is so.

Con. And thou affirmst the like: say, dost thou not?

How. I do my Lord, and that for certaintie.

Bur. I have found it now, the villaine Constable
With secretly with Edward thus compact,
To toyne our King and him in amittis,
And thereby doubtlesse got into his hands,
Suchlandanna Bohedomeas Tymedat,

And

The second part of

And leaves me disappointed in my hope,
A plague vpon such craftie colosing, aside.
Now shall I be a marke for them to aime at,
And that vile slane to triumph at my toyle.

Con. Tis so, for it can be no other wise,
Burgundie hath been priuie to this plot,
Conspirde with Lewes and the English King,
To save his owne Rake, and assure himselfe
Of all those Seigneuries I hoped for,
And thereupon this close peace is contrinde,
Now must the constable be as a butte,
For all their bullets to be leueld at,
Hell and hot vengeance light on Burgundie,
For this his subtille secret villanie.

Bur. Well good fellow for thy paines take that,
Leave me alone, for I am much displeasde. to Sel.

Con. And get thes gone my friend, theres for thy paines,
So leane me to my selfe. to Howard.

Sel. Fare ye well Sir, I hope I haue pepperd ye.

How. And so I thinke haue I my Constable.

Exeunt Sellin. and How.

Bur. Now Constable, this peace, this peace,
What thinke ye of it man?

Con. Say rather what thinks Burgundie?

Bur. I thinke he that did contrine the same,
Was little lesse then a dissembling villaine.

Con. Dog bite thy selfe, come on, come on,
Haue you not plaind Iohn for the King,
To save your selfe Sir?

Bur. I, not then good at that?
Adieu Sir, I may chance to hit you yet. Exit.

Con. You may Sir, I perhaps may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nose to base ye.

Exeunt.

Euter King Edward, King Lewis, Howard, Sel-
linger, and their traine.

King Edward the fourth.

K. Ed. So Sellinger, we then perceiue by this
The Duke is passing angry at our tongue.

Sel. I my dread Lord beyond comparison,
Like a mad dogge (snatching at every one
That passeth by: Shall I not shew you how,
And at the manner of his tragichesurie?

K. So say a while: mee thought I heard thee say,
They meane to greete vs by their messengers.

Sel. They did my Lord.

King. What, and the constable too?

How. My Soueraigne yes.

King. But how tooke he the newes?

How. Faith euen as discontented as might be,
But being a more deepe melanchollise,
And fullener of temper then the Duke,
He chaires his malice, fumes and frothes at mouth,
Uttering but little more, then what we gather
By his disturbed lookes and riueld frant,
Saying that now and then his boiling passion,
Damnd vp as in a fornice, fluding bent
Breaks through his leuerd lips into short pusses,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothlesse monke when hee eat matters.

K. Oh it was sport alone to note their caringe.

Sel. Sport my Lord will you heare me speake,
And if I do not weare you with laughter,
Here trust Tom Sellinger more upon his word.

Sound a Trumper.

K. I pray thee peace, by this it should appeare
One of their messengers is come, go see,
Upon my life we shall haue some newes
Of new dissimulation: how now Tom?

Sel. As your highness did suppose my Lord,
Here is a messenger from Burgundie.

K. Excellent good, shew him presently,
And Brother of France let me heare at your grace,

The second part of King Edward

To stand asse a little in my tent,
Least finding vs together, he restraints,
To tell the message he is sent about;
So sure I am perswaded we shall find
Some notable peece of knauerie set a foote.

K. L. With all my heart, bage him speake loud inough;
That I my Lord may vnderstand him too: Exit:

Enter the Lord of Conte.

K. Ed. Feare not, I haue the method in my mind:
What is it you my Lord of Conte & welcome,
How doth the valiant Duke & in health I hope.

Con. In health (my Lord) of bodie though in mind
Somewhat dissempered, that your grace hath toynd
In league with his pprofessed enemies.

K. Ed. How say you that my Lord & pray you speake out:
For I of late, by reason of a cold,
Am somewhat thicke of hearing.

Con. Thus my Lord,
Your grace demanded if the Duke were well,
I answer you, he is in health of bodie,
Though inwardly in mind somewhat perplart;
That you without his knowledge haue tane truce
With childish Lewis hartlesse King of France.

K. Ed. With whom I pray pee & a little lowder sir.

Con. With childish Lewis that hartlesse K. of France.

K. Ed. I now do vnderstand you, is it that
He takes vnkindly & toby if he had come
With his expted forces as he ppromis;
I had bene still vncapable of peace,
But he deceiuing me, the fault was his.

Con. So my good Lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewd pernicious counterfait,
That crastis fore the Constable of France,
Who counseld him to keepe him at his siege,
Saying it would be more dishonorable
To rise from thence, then any way profitable,

King Edward the fourth.

To meete your Maistie: beside my Lord,
It hath been proued since, how much the constable
Hates your proceedings, by that wilfull shot,
Was made against you from S. Quintins towe,
Which though he seemde to colour with faire speech,
The truth is, they did leuel at your selfe,
And grieved when they heard you were not slaine.

K. E. May I be so bold to credit your report?

Con. The Duke upon his honour bad me say,
That it was true, and therewithall quoth he,
Tell noble Edward if he will recant,
And fall from Lewes againe, knowing it is
Poore for his dignitie to be sole King,
And conquer France as did his ancestors,
Then take a fee, and so be satisfied,
That I am ready with twelue thousand souldiers
All well appoynted, and not only will,
Deliver him the Constable of France,
That hee may punish him as he sees good,
But seat him in the throne imperial,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

K. E. Speake that againe, I heard not your last words.

Con. But seat you in the throne imperial,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

King. I thanks his honour for his good regard,
Pleaeth you stay til we haue paide upon it,
And you shall haue our answers to the Duke.

Com Sellenger receiue him to your tent,
And let him taste a cup of Dilcance wine,
Now my Kingly Brother, haue you heard this newes?

K. L. So plainely my Lord, that I scarce held my selfe
From stepping forth, hearing my royall name
So much prophane and flubberd as it was,
But I do weigh the person like himselfe
From whence it came, a false dissembler,
And with my anger I was loth sometime,

The second part of *Henry VI.*

To smile to thinke the Duke hath hang his friend,
Behinde his backe, whom to his face he smooches.

K. Ed. But we shall haue better sport anon:
Howard tels me that another messenger,
Is come in post-hall from the Constable,
As you haue begun with patience heare the rest.

K. L. Some yett adoe, lets my place againe,
Remember that you shal be deafe my Lord.

K. Ed. I warrant you. Howard call in the messenger.

Enter the messenger from the Constable.

Mes. Health to the victorious King of England.

K. Ed. Tell him he must straine out his voice aloud,
For I am somewhat deafe and cannot heare.

How. His maiestie requests you to speake out,
Because his hearing is of late decayde.

Mes. The worthy Earle of Paul.

K. Ed. Come neere mee.

Mes. The worthy Earle of Paul greets noble Edward,
And giues your grace to vnderstand by mee,
That whereas Charles that patished sepulchre,
And most disloyall Duke of Burgundie,
Hath but blurted the labell of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemy,
As well appeares in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he neuer meant himselfe,
To send you aide, but this was the meanes,
To blinder my Lords well affected dutie,
Alledging you desired his companie,
But that you might betray him to the King.
Beside whereast will be ppynde my Lord,
That he did hire the ganner of St. Quintins,
For a large summe of money to discharge
Three severall peeces of great ordnance,
Upon your coming to that cursed towne,
To slay your maiestie: in which regard
If it will please you to renoue from France,

And:

King Edward the fourth.

And thinke of Burgundie as he deserues,
The Duke with expedition had me lop,
That he would put the Carle into your hands,
Whereby you might revenge his treacherous purpose,
And aide you too with thirte fise thousand men,
And seate you like a conquerour in France.

K. Ed. Can it seeme possible that two such friends,
So firmly knit together as they were,
Should on a suddaine now be such great foes?

M. The earle, my Lord, could neuer abide the Duke,
Since his last treason against your sacred person,
Before S. Quintina came to open light.

K. Was that the cause of their dissension then?

Me. It was my Lord.

K. Ed. Well I will thinke vpon't,
And you shall haue your answer by and by.
Cousin Howard take him alloe,
But let him be kept from the others sight.

Ho. Sir will you walke in, my Lord will take aduise,
And so dispatch you backe againe vnto the Carle.

K. L. Heres bying of villanie who shall haue all
fraud, with deceit, deceit with fraude outlarde,
I would the diuell were there to erie stoope stake,
But hold intends your grace to deale with them?

K. Ed. Faith in their kind, I am the Steele you see,
Against the which their enaile bring Brooke,
The sparkles of hypocrisie shal forth,
It were not amisse to quench't hem in their blood.

Enter another messenger to the King of France
with letters.

Me. My Lord heres letters to your maiestie;
One from the Duke of Burgundie, the other from
the Constable.

K. L. More villanie a thousand crowns to nothing.

K. Ed. Can there be more then is already brough't?

The second part of

He thinks they haue already done so well,
As this may serue to bring them both to hell.

K. L. So, no, they are indifferently well laden,
But yet their fraught's not full, see other waies,
Either provision to prepare their waie,
The better same (my Lord) which they pretend
In loue to you against my life and crowne,
The same they undertake to doe for me
Against your safety, hying if I please,
That they wil ioyne their forces both with mine,
And in your backe returne to Calice, cut the throats
Of you and all your soldiers.

K. Ed. Oh damnable.

But that I see it figured in these lines,
I would haue sworne there had been nothing left,
For their pernicious braine to worke upon.

K. L. A traitor is like a boldface heretick,
That neuer will be brought vnto a non plus,
So long as he hath libertie to speake.

K. Ed. The way to cure them is to cut them off,
Call forth their messengers once more to vs.

How. Both of them my Lord.

K. Ed. Yes, both together:

Whee see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their maisters shame not to attempt.

Enter both the Messengers.

Con. What is his maiestie of France so nere?
And pounssier Rolfe, the Charles secretarie?
I feare some hurt depends vpon his presence.

Mes. How comes it that I see the french King here?
I and the Lord of Conte to me thinks,
Pray God our message be not made a scoyme.

K. Ed. You told me that you came from earle S. Paul.

Mes. I did my Lord and therein sabled not.

K. Ed. You told me of manie kind indeuours,
Which he intended for our benefite.

Mes. As

King Edward the fourth.

Mef. No more then he is willing to performe.

K. Ed. Know you his hand-willing if you seeke?

Mef. I doe my Lord.

K. Ed. Is this his hand or no?

Mef. I cannot say but that it is his hand.

K. Ed. How comes it then that underneath his hand

My death is sought, when you that are his mouth,

Turne to our eares a quite contrarie tale?

The like reade you decyphred in this paper,

Concerning treacherous waivering Burgundie.

Unlesse you grant they can disuade themselves,

And of two shapcs become foure substaunces,

How is it I should haue their knightly aide,

And yet by them be viterly distressed?

K. Lew. And I to be protected by their meanes;

And yet they shall conspire against my life.

K. Ed. What call you this but vile hypocrisie?

K. L. Say peasant-like vnheard of treacherie.

Con. My Lord vph; aid not me with this offence:

I do protest I knew of no such letters,

Nor any other intention of the Duke,

Nor then before was uttered in my message.

Scl. Will you be halting too before a creeple?

Do you not remember what they were,

That first did certifie the Duke of truce,

Between the renowned Edward and the French?

Con. Yes they were two soldiers, what of that?

Scl. Those souldiers were this Gentleman and I,

Where we did heare the soule mouth Duke exclaim:

Against our noble Soveraigne and this Prince,

And roide and bellowed like a parish bell,

And that in hearing both of you and him,

His words to please my Lord I can repeat;

As he did speake them at the very time.

K. Ed. Well they are messengers, and so that cause

Will be content to heare with their amisse,

But:

The second part of

But keepe them safe, and let them not returne,
To carrie tales vnto those counterfeits,
Till you haue them both as fast inwards.
To compasse which the better, brother of France,
Five thousand of our soldiers here we leaue,
To be imployd in service to that end,
The rest with vs to England shall returne. Exit.

Enter Chorus.

Ch. King Edward is returned home to England.
And Lewis King of France soone afterward,
Surprized both his subtil enemies,
Rewarding them with traiterous recompence.
Now do we draw the curtaine of our Scene,
To speake of Shoare and his faire wife againe,
With other matters thereupon depending,
You must imagine since you saw him last
Prepared for traualle, he hath been abroade,
And seene the sundrie fashions of the world,
Vlysseslike, his countries lone at length,
Hoping his tolines death, and to see his friends,
Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
Come home is hee, but so vnluckily,
As he is like to lose his life thereby:
His and her fortunes shall we now pursue,
Graciously with your gentle sufferance & diuine. Exit.

Enter mistress Shoare with Iocky her man, and some attendants more, and is met by sir Robert Brackenburie.

Iane Shoare. Haue ye bestowde our small beneuolence,
On the poore prisoners in the common Gaole
Of the white Lion and the Kings bench?

Iockie. Yes my lady.

Iane. What prisons this?

Iockie. The Marshalls prison my lady.

Enter sir Robert Brackenburie.

Bra. Well met faire Lady, in the happiest plight,
And choicest place that my desires could wish,

Without

King Edward the fourth.

Without offence, where have ye bene this way?

Ia. To take the aire here in Saint Georges field,
Sir Robert Brackenburie, and to visite some
pooze patients that cannot visit me,

Bra. Are you a physician?

Ia. I am a simple one.

Bra. What disease curest thou?

Ia. I cure none perfectly,

My physike doth but mitigate the paine
A little while and then it comes againe.

Bra. Sweet mistress Shoare, I understand ye not.

Ia. Master lieutenant I beleeve you well.

Iocky. Gude saith Sir Robert Brokenbelly, may maistres
speakes deedly and truly, for shee has beene till see those that
cannot come till see her: and theyes patients perforce. The
prisoners man in the twer prisons. And shee has gyane than
her filler and her geete till day than sude.

Bra. Gramercies Iockie thou resolvst my doubt.

A comfort ministring kind physician
That once a weeke in her owne person visits,
The prisoners and the pooze in hospitalles,
In London or neere London every way,
Whose purse is open to the hungry soule,
Whose pitions heart saues many a tall mans life.

Ia. Peace good sir Robert, tis not worthie praise,
Nor yet worth thanks, that is of dutie done,
For you know well, the world doth know too well,
That all the coales of my pooze charitie,
Cannot consume the scandal of my name,
What remedie? well, tell me gentle knight,
What meant your kinde saluts and gentle speech,
At your first meeting, when you seemde to blesse
The time and place of our encounter heere?

Bra. Lady there lies here prisons in the Marshalles,
A gentleman of good parents and good descent.
My deare near kinsman, Captaine Harrie Stranguide.

The second part of

As tall a skillfull Navigator; ride;
As ere set foot in any ship at sea,
Whose lucke it was to take a prize of France;
As he from Rochell was for London bound;
For which (except his pardon he obtainde,
By some especiall favorite of the King)
Hee and his crew, a companie of poore men,
Are sure to die, because tis since the league.

Is. Let me see him and all his companie.

Bra. Keeper bying forth the Captaine and his crew.

Enter Keeper, Stranguidge, Shoare disguised,
and three more fettered.

Lockie. How say oth diell, that the bonnie men
sun be hampert like plue laves, weas me for yee
gude Lads.

Bra. I Cousin Harrie, this is mistris Shoare,
Pecrlesse in Court, for beautie, bountie, pittie.

Iane viewes them all:

And if thee cannot save thee thou must die.

Sran. Will she if she can?

Bra. I Cousin Stranguidge I.

Sho. To torment worse then death to see her face
That causde her shame and my vnlost disgrace. Sho. aside.
That our mutuall eyes were Bawlls.
To kill each other at his entertiement.

Bra. How like ye him ladie & you haue viewed him well.

Is. I pittie him, and that same proper man,
That turnes his backe, ashamde of this distresse.

Sho. Ashamde of thee, cause of my heauinesse.

Is. And all the rest, oh were the King returnde,
There might be hope, but ere his comming home;
They may be ride, condemn'd, and iudg'd, and dead.

Sho.

King Edward the fourth.

Sho. I am condemn'd by sentence of defame, aside.
O were I dead I might not see my shame.

Bra. Your credit Labie may prolong their triall,
What iudge is he that will giue you deniall?

Ia. He racke my credit, and will lanch my crownes
To save their lives, if they haue done no murdher.

Sho. O thou hast crackt my credit with a crowne, aside.
And murdred my pooze Mathew Shoare a liue.

Sran. Faire Labie we did shed no drop of blood,
Nor cast one Frenchman ouerboard, nor yet,
Because the league was made before the fact
Which we pooze sea-men God knowes neuer heard,
We doubt our liues, yea though we should resore
To buble the walde that we tooke and more.
It was lawfull prize when I put out to sea,
And warrant in my commission.

The Kings are since combine in amitie,
(Long may it last) and I unwittingly
Haue tooke a Frenchman since the truce was tane;
And if I die, via, one day I must.

And God will pardon all my sinnes I trust,
My griefe will be for these pooze harmelesse men,
Who thought my warrant might suborn the deeth,
Cheerly that gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who (on my soule) was but a passenger.

Ia. Well Captaine Sranguidge, were the King at home,
I could say more.

Sira. Labie, beere come ahoze.
Last night at Douer, my boy came from thence,
And saw his highnesse land.

Ia. Then courage sirs,
Hele ble my laire it meane to save your liues,
In the meane season spend that for my sake.

casts her purse.

Enter Lord Marquesse Dorset, and claps
her on the shoulder.

The second part of

Mar. By your leave mistress Shoare, I haue taken paines,
To find you out, come you must go with me.

Ia. Whither my Lord?

Mar. Unto the Queene my mother.

Ia. Good my L. Marquesse Dorset wrong me not.

Mar. I cannot wrong the as thou wrongst my mother,
He bring thee to her, let her vse her pleasure.

Ia. Against my will I wrong her good my Lord,
Yet am ashamde to see her mate die.

Sweete Lord create me, say ye saw me not.

Mar. Shall I belade my mother for a whoore?
Go mistress Shoare ye must go to the Queene.

Iane. What I my Lord? what will she do to me?
The violence on me now the King's away?
Alas my Lord behold this whoore of tears,
Which kind King Edward would compassionate,
Bring me not to her, she will sit my nose,
Marke my face, or spew me vnto death.
Looke on me Lord: can ye find in your heart,
To haue me spoild that neuer thought you harme?
Or rather with your rapier run me through,
Then carrie me to the displeased Queene.

Sho. What thou neuer broke thy vow to me,
From leare and wrong had I defended thee.

Mar. I am inexorable, therefore arise,
And go with me, what rascall true is this,
Mistress Shoares sisters, such slaues make her friend.
What sit Robert Brackenbury for a Shorist too?

Bra. No Shorist, but to saue my coins life.

Mar. Then he be hangd if he escape for this,
The rather for your meanes to mistress Shoare.
My mother can do nothing, this whoore all,
Come away minion you shall prate no more.

Ia. Pray for my friends and I will pray for you,
God send you better hap then I expect.
Go to my lodging you, and if I perish,

King Edward the fourth.

Take what is there in lieu of your true service.

Ioc. Ha a maye sale aye nere for sake my god maiestie,
Till aye bea seene ha woꝛd that spight can do her.

Exeunt Marquesse, and Iane and theirs.

Sho. For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thee yet if I were free.

Bra. See cousin Stranguidge how the case is changed,
She that could helpe thee cannot helpe her selfe.

Stra. What remedie? the God of heauen helps all,
What lay ye mates? our hope of life is dashed,
Now none but God, lets put our trust in him,
And euery man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liu'd like men,
So like tall men together let vs die:
The best is if we die for this offence,

Our ignorance shall pleade our innocence.

Keep. Your meate is ready (Captaine) you must in.

Stran. Shall I? I will: coſin what will you doe?

Bra. Wilt you soone, but now I will to court,
To se what shall become of Spittis Shoare.

Stran. God speed ye well.

Keep. Come sir will you go in?

Sho. Ile eat no meate, giue my leaue to walke here.
Am I not left alone? no, millions

Of miseries attend me euery where:

Oh Mathew Shoare, how doth all seeing heauen,
Banish some shame, from thy blind conscience hid?

Inflaming paine where all thy pleasure was,
And by my wife came all these woes to passe,

She falsde her faith and brake her wedlocks band,
Her honour false, how could my credit stand?

Yet will not I pouze Iane on thee exclaime.

Though guiltie thou, I guiltlesse suffer shame.

I left this land too little for my griefe,

Returning, am accounted as a theefe,

Who in that ship came for a passenger,

The second part of

To see my friends hoping the death of her,
 At sight of whom some sparkes of former love,
 (hid in affections ather) pittie mooue,
 Kindling compassion in my broken heart,
 That bleedeth to thinke on her insulting smart.
 O see weake womens imperfections,
 That leane their husbands safe protections,
 Hazarding all on strangers flatteries,
 Whose lust afraid leaues them to miseries,
 See what dishonour breach of wedlocke brings,
 Which is not safe euen in the armes of Kings:
 Thus do I lane lament thy present state,
 Wishing my teares thy torments might abate.

Exit.

Enter the Queene, Marquesse Dorset leading mistress
 Shoare, who falls downe on her knees before the
 Queene, fearfull and weeping.

Qu. How (as I am a Queene) a goodly creature,
 How now was she attended where you found her?

Mar. Madam I found her at the Sparthallen,
 Going to visit the poore prisoners,
 As she came by, hauing been to take the aire,
 And there the keeper told me, she oft deales
 Such bountious almes as seldome hath been seene.

Qu. How befoze Cocke, she would make a gallant
 But good son Dorset stand aside awhile. (Queene,
 God saue your maiestie my Lady Shoare,
 My Lady Shoaresaid I? Oh blasphemie,
 To wrong your title with a Ladies name,
 Queene Shoare, nay rather myzell Shoare,
 God saue your grace, your maiestie, your hignesse:
 Lozd I want titles, you must pardon me.
 What? you kneele there King Edwards bedfellow
 And I your subiect sit? He, he for shame.
 Come take your place, and sit kneele where you doe,

King Edward the fourth.

I may take your place you may take mine;
Good Lord that you will so debase your selfe:
I am sure you are our sister Queene at least,
Say that you are, then let vs sit together.

Ia. Great Queene, yet heare me, if my sinne committed,
Hane not stopp'd vp all passage to your mercie,
To tell the wrongs that I haue done your highnes
Might make reuenge exceed extremitie,
Wh had I words or tongue to utter it;
To plead my womans weaknesse and his strength,
That was the onely worker of my fall.
Euen innocence her selfe would blush for shame,
Once to be nam'd or spoken of in this.
Let them expect for mercy whose offence;
Say but be call'd Anne, oh mine is moze,
Woe-strate as earth, before your highnesse seate;
In what what torments you shall thinke most meete.

Ma. Spurne the whoore (mother) teare those enticing eyes,
That robb'd you of King Edwards dearest lone.
Wangle those lockes, the bait to his desires,
Let me come to her, you but stand and talke,
As if reuenge consist'd but in words.

Qu. Sonne stand aloofe, and do not trouble me.
Alas poore soule, as much adoe haue I, aside.
To forbear teares to keepe her companie.
Yet once moze will I to my former humour.
Why as I am, thinke that thou wert a Queene,
And I as thou should wrong thy princely bed,
And winne the King thy husband, as thou mine?
Would it not sting thy soule? or if that I
Being a Queene, while thou didst lone thy husband:
Should but haue done as thou hast done to me,
Would it not grieue thee? yes I warrant thee.
Ther's not the meaneest woman that doth live,
But if she like and lone her husband well,
She had rather seele his warme limmes in her bed,

Then

The second part of

Then see him in the armes of any Queens,
 You are flesh and blood as I, and we as you,
 And all alike in our affections,
 Though maistie make vs the more ambitious.
 What tis to fall into so great a band,
 Knowledge might teach thee: there was once a king
 Henry the second, who did keepe his lemman,
 Cag'de vp at Woodstocke in a labyrynth,
 His Quene yet got a trick to find her out.
 And how she vnde her, I am sure thou hast heard,
 Thou art not mew'd vp in some secret place,
 But kept in court here vnderneath my nose,
 Now in the absence of my Lord the King,
 Have I not time most fitting for reuenge?
 Fair Rosamond, she a pure virgin was,
 Untill the King seduc'de her to his will.
 She wrongd but one bed, onely the angrie Quene's:
 But thou hast wronged two, mine and thy husbands,
 Be thine owne iudge, and now in iustice see,
 What due reuenge I ought to take on thee.

Ia. Euen what you will (great Quene) here do I lye,
 Humble and prostrate at your highnesse feete
 Insist on me what may reuenge your wrong,
 Was neuer lambe abode more patiently,
 Then I will do: call all your griefes to minde,
 And do euen what you will, o: how likes you,
 I will not stirre, I will not whike o: crye,
 Be it torture, poison, any punishment,
 Was neuer done, o: Taxile more submisse,
 Then I will be vnto your chastisement.

M. Fetche I her for this? mother let me come to her:
 And what compassion will not suffer you
 To do to her, refersse the same to me.

Qu. Touch her not sonne, vpon thy life I charge thee,
 But keepe off still, if thou wilt haue my life. Exit Ma.
 I am glad to heare ye are so well resolute,

King Edward the fourth.

To beare the burthen of my lust displeasure.

She drawes forth a knife, and making as though she
meant to spoile her face, runs to her, and falling
on her knees, embraces and kills her, ca-
sting away the knife.

Thus then Ile doe, alas pooze soule,
Shall I weepe with thee: in faith pooze heart I will,
Be of good comfort, thou shalt haue no harme,
But if that kisses haue the powze to kill thee,
Thus, thus, and thus a thousand times Ile stab thee.
Iane I forgive thee: what fault is so strong,
But with besseging he will batter it:
Weepe not (sweete Iane) alas I know thy sere,
Touche with the selfsame weaknes that thou art,
And if my state had beene as meane as thine,
And such a beantie to allure his eye,
(Though I may promise much to mine owne strength)
What might haue hap't to me I cannot tell.
Fayre feare not, for I speake it with my heart,
And in thy sorrow truly beare a part.

Ia. How high and mightie Queene, may I beleene
There can be found such mercie in a woman,
And in a Queene, moze then in a wife,
So deeply wrong'd as I haue wrong'd you?
In this bright chrystall mirror of your mercie,
I see the greatnesse of my sinne the moze,
And makes my fault moze obious in mine eyes,
Your princely pittie now doth wound me moze,
Then all your threatnings euer did before.

Qu. Kise thy sweete Iane, I say thou shalt not kneele.
Oh God forbid that Edwards Queene should hate
Her, whome she knowes he both so dearly loue,
My loue to her may purchase me his loue.
Iane, speake well unto the King of me and mine,
Remember not my former eye-battle speech,
Thou art my sister, and I loue thee so.

The second part of

I know thou maist do much with my deere Lord,
Speake well of vs to him in any case,
And I and mine will loue and cherish thee.

Ia. All I can doe is all too little too,
But to requite the least part of this grace,
The dearest thoughts that harbour in this brest,
Shall in your seruice onely be exprest.

Enter king Edward angerly, his Lords following,
and sir Robert Brackenburie,

King. What is my lane with her? it is too true,
Shee to bere thee hath ber downe vpon her knees.
Why how now Belle? what wilt ye among my lane?
Come hither lone, what hath she done to thee?

Iane falls on her Knees to the King.

Ia. Oh royall Edward, loue thy beauntious Queen,
The onely perfect mirroꝝ of her kind,
For all the choyssest vertues can be nam'de.
Oh let not my bewitching lokes withdraw
Your deare affections from your deerer Quene,
But to requite the grace which she hath showne,
Come the worthlesse creature on this earth,
To banish me the Court immediately,
Great King let me but beg one boone of thee,
That Shoares wife nere do her moze iniurie.

As Iane kneeles on one side the King, so the Queen
steps and kneeles on the other.

Qu. Nay then she beg against her royall Edward:
Loue thy Iane still, nay moze if moze may be, kissing her.
And this is all the she harme that at my hands
She shall incurr for it. Oh where my Edward lones,
It ill belecmes his Quene to grudge thereat.

King. Daff thou me so Belle, on my kingly word,
Edward will honour thee in heart for this:
But trust me Belle, I greatly was afraid,
I should not finde ye in so good a tune.

King Edward the fourth.

How now, what would our Constable of the towre?

Bra. The Queene and M. Shoare do know my late.

Qu. It is for Stranguide and his men at sea,
Edward needs must you pardon them.

King. Have I not bowed the contrarie already?
Dishonour me when I have made a league:
My word is past, and they shall suffer death,
I neuer moze let me see France againe.

Ia. Why there is one is but a passenger,
Shall he die too?

King. Passe me no passage Iane, were he in compa-
nie he dies for companie.

Qu. Good Iane intreat for them.

Ia. Come Edward, I must not take this answer,
Needes must I haue some grace for Stranguide.

King. Why Iane, haue I not denied my Queene?
Yet what if Iane I would denie to thee?
I pze thee Brackenburie be not thou displeasde,
My word is past, not one of them shall liue,
One go and see them forthwith sent to death.

Exeunt.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, and Shaw.

Glost. I cannot see this prophesse you speake of,
Should any way so much displease the King,
And yet I promise ye good brother Clarence,
It is such a letter as concernes vs both,
That G. should put away King Edwards childzen,
And sit vpon his throne? that G. should? well.

Cl. God blesse the King, & those two sweet young Princes.

Glo. Amen good brother Clarence.

Shaw. Amen.

Glo. And send them all to heauen shortly I beseech him.

Cl. The kings much troubled in his sickness with it.

Glo. I promise you he is, and verie much,
But Doctor Shaw, who prophesied that G. should be so sadly

The second part of

ominous to be :

Shaw. My Lord of Gloucester, I receiue the same
from old frier Anselme of S. Bartholmeues.

Glo. A great learned man he was, and as I haue heard,
Hath prophesied of verie many things.

I promise you it troubles me,

I hope in me his prophesie is false.

aside.

Clare. And so it does me, I tell you brother Gloucester.

Glo. I am sure it does, for looke you brother Clarence,
We know not how his Highnes will apply it,
We are but two, your selfe my Lord and I,
Should the pong Princes faile which God defend.

Clare. Which God defend.

D. Shaw. Which God defend.

Glo. aside. But they should be cut off: Amen, Amen.

You brother first, and should your issue faile,

Woe I am next, the pongest of the three.

But how farre I am from a thought of that,

Heauen witness with me, that I wish you dead. aside.

Clare. Brother I durst be sworne.

Glo. God blesse you all, and take you to him if it be his will:

Now brother, this prophesie of G. troubling the King,

He may as well apply it vnto Gloucester,

My Dukedomes name, if he be testious,

As vnto George your name, good brother Clarence,

God help, God help, it saith it troubles me,

You would not thinke how: aside. that any of you liue.

Clare. It cannot chuse: how innocent I am,

And how unpotted are my loyall thoughts

Vnto his Highnes, and those sweet pong Princes,

God be my record.

Glo. What you: I durst answer for you,

That I shall cut you off ere it be long.

aside.

But reverend Doctor, you can easily tell,

Being his Highnes Confessor, how he takes it.

aside.

Shaw. Pardon me my mind, a villaine like my selfe.

Shaw.

Shaw.

King Edward the fourth.

Shaw. My Lord of Clarence, I will tell your Lordship,
His Highness is much troubled in his sickness
With this same prophesie of G. Who is this G?
Oft times he will demand, then will he sigh,
And name his brother George, your selfe my Lord,
And then he strikes his breast, I promise you,
This morning in th' extreamest of his fitte,
He lay so still, we all thought he had slept,
When suddenly, George is the G. quoth he,
And gave a groane, and turn'd his face away.

Cla. God be my witness, witnesse with my soule,
My lust and bright thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to be transparent,
And my thoughts witten in great letters there,
The world might reade the secrets of my soule.

Glo. Ah brother Clarence, when you are suspected,
Well, well it is a twiched world the while:
But shall I tell you brother in plaine tearmes,
I feare, your selfe and I have enemies,
About the King, God pardon them,
The world was neuer truster to be trusted:
Ah brother George, where is that lone that was?
Ah it is banisht brother from the world:
Ah Conscience, Conscience, and true brotherhood,
Tis gone, tis gone, brother I am your friend,
I am your loving brother, your owne selfe,
And love you as my soule, use me in what you please,
And you shall see Ile doe a brothers part:
Send you to heauen I hope, ere it be long: aside.
I am a true sampt villaine as ever liue.

Cla. I know you will, then brother I beseech you,
Pleade you mine innocencie unto the King,
And in meane time to tell my loyalty,
Ile keepe with in my house at Baimards Castle,
Untill I heare how my head Soveraigne takes it.

The second part of

Glo. Do so good brother.

Cla. Farewell good brother Gloster.

Glo. My teares will scarcely take my leave,
I loue you so: Farewell sweet George: Exit Cla.

So, is he gone: now Shaw tis in thy power,
To bind me to thee everlastingly,
And there is not one Arp that I shall rise,
But I will bysto thee with me vnto greatnesse,
Thou shalt sit in my bosome as my soule,
Incense the King, now being as thou art,
So neere about him, and his confessor,
That this G. onely is George Duke of Clarence.
Doctor thou needst not my instruction,
Thou hast a searching baine, a nimble spirit,
Able to master any mans affections.
Effect it Shaw, and bying it to passe once,
He make thee the greatest Shaw that ever was.

Sha. My Lord I am going by commandement,
Vnto the Parshalsea, to Stranguidge,
For pyracie of late condemn'd to dye,
There to confesse him and his companie,
That done, he come with speed backe to the King,
And make no doubt but he effect the thing.

Glo. Farewell gentle Doctor.

Sha. Farewell my Lord of Gloster. Exit.

Glo. Let me awake my sleeping wits a while,
Ha, the marke thou aimest at Richard is a crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that? Doctor play thou thy part,
He climbe by degrees, through many a heart.

Exit.

Enter Brackenburie with Vaux
the Keeper.

Bra. Why master Vaux is there no remedie?

But

King Edward the fourth.

But instantly they must be led to death?
Can it not be deferred till after noone,
O but two holwyes, in hope to get reprieve?

K. Passer Lieutenant, tis in vaine to speake,
The Kings incense, and will not pardon them,
The men are patient, and resolute to die,
The Captaine and that other gentleman,
Hane cast the dice whether shall suffer first.

Bra. How sell the lot, to Stranguide or to him?

Kee. The guiltlesse passenger must first go too.

Bra. They are all guiltlesse from intent of ill.

Kee. And yet must die for doing of the deebe,
Besides the Duke of Exeter found dead,
And naked floating by and downe the sea,
Twixt Calice and our coast, is laid to them,
That they should rob and cast him over boord.

Bra. My soule be pawns, they never knew of it.

Kee. Well bying them forth.

Bra. Stay them yet but an holwe.

Kee. I dare not do it Sir Robert Brackenburie,
You are Lieutenant of the towne your selfe,
And know the perill of protracting time,
Pozeoner heeres that pickethanke Doctor Shaw,
The Duke of Glosters Spanisll spurning them,
Come bying them forth.

Bra. Poore Stranguide must thou dye?

Enter one, bearing a silver oare before Stranguide,
Shoare, and two or three more pinionde, and
two or three with bills and a hangman.

Bra. Al. I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,
That Harrie Stranguide is thus cast away.

Stra. Good Cousin Brackenburie be as wel content,
To see me die as I to suffer death,
Be witness that I was an honest man.

Because.

The second part of

Because my fate p[ro]oues ill though ignorance,
And for the Duke of Excester his death,
So speed my soule as I am innocent.
Here goes my grieffe, this guiltlesse gentleman,
Like Alops doghe that dies for companie,
And came (God knowes) but as a passenger.
Ah Master Flud, a thousand floods of woe,
Oye-flow my soule that thou must perishe so.

Sho. Good Captaine let no perturbation,
Hinder our passage to a better world,
This last breaths blast will waite our wrentle sonles,
Ouer deaths gulfe, to heauens most happie port,
There is a little battail to be fought,

This while the hangman prepares, Shore at this
speech mounts vp the ladder.

Wherewith let the leading man be mine.
Second me Captaine, and this bitter breakfast,
Shall bring a sweeter supper with the Saints.

D. S. This Christian patience at the point of death,
Doth argue he hath led no wicked life,
How euer heauen hath laid this crosse on him,
Well Marhew Flud say so thou cald thy selfe,
Finish a good course as thou hast begun,
And cleare thy conscience by confession,
What knowst thou of the Duke of Excesters death?

Sho. So God respect the waygate of my soule, as
I know nothing.

D. S. Then concerning this for which thou diest,
knew Stranguide of the league betwixt the Kings
before he tooke that paye?

Sho. So in my conscience.

D. S. Stranguide what say you?

You see theres but a turne betwixt your lines,
You must be next, confesse and save your soule,

King Edward the fourth.

Concerning that wherein I questionde him:
I am your gospell father to absolve
You of your sinnes, if you confesse the truth.

Sirrah. True I shew, and as I hope for heaven,
In that great day when we shall all appeare,
I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,
Nor of the league, till I had tane the prize.

Neither was Flud, (that innocent dying man)
Ever with me but as a passenger.

D. S. Peace be with thee, well Flud forgives the world,
As thou wilt have forgiveness from the heavens.

Sho. Alse I do, and pray the world forgive
What wrong I did whilles I therein did lye;

And now I pray you turne your paines to them,
And leave me private for a little space,

To meditate upon my porting hence.

D. S. Be gentle Flud and in a while pray for thee.

Sho. I pray not for Flud but pray for Mar. Shoare;
For Shoare covered with the cloake of Flud,

If I have sinnde in changing of my name,
Forgive me God, it was done to hide my shame;

And I forgive the world. King Edward first,
That wackt my fate, by winning of my wife,

And though he would not pardon frey of selfe
In these, in me God knowes no fault at all,

I pardon him though guiltie of my fall.
Perhaps he would, if he had knowne twas I,

But twentie deaths I rather wish to dye,
Than live beholding for one minutes breath

To him, that living, wounded me with death,
Death of my life, and hell of my defame,

Which now shall die under this borrowed name.

Iane, God forgive thee, even as I forgive;
And pray thou maist repent whilſt thou dost live,

I am as glad to leave this earthly light,
As to embrace thee on our marriage night.

The second part of King

To be unknowne to bus, is my greatest good,
That Mathew Shoares not hangde, but Mathew Flood:
For floods of wee have washt away the shoe,
That neuer wise no; kinne shall looke on moe:
Now when you will I am preparede to go.

Enter Iockie running and crying

Iockie. Halld, halld, save for speede, but save, but trasse, pul
dowen, pull off, God seau the King off with the bellers, hence
with the prisoners, a pardon, a pardon.

Br. Good newes vnto lookt for; welcome gentle friend, who
brings the pardon?

Iock. Stay, first let me blab: my mistres, mistres Shore
shee brings the pardonne, the Kings pardonne: off with those
bonds, bestow them on the hangman, my mistres made me
runne the necess way oze the fieldes; shee cappe as the bee
way, shee at hand bay this: Grete that preech come down,
Int Doctor; Shaw her your place, here the better choller, with
Shore Shoare brings a new lesson for you.

Sho. O I had read my latest lesson well,
Had he beene ready to haue said, Amen.

Point to the hangman.

Now shall I lue to see my shame agen.

Shoare comes downe.

O had I diue vntoittling to my wife,
Rather then see her, though shee bring me life.

Enter Iane in haste, in her riding cloake and saue-
gard with a pardon in her hand.

Ia. Alas I see that euen my smallest day
Had lost my labour, and cast them away,
God knowes I haue well that ere I might.
Here master Vaux, King Edward greets you well,

His

King Edward the fourth.

His gracions pardon frees this gentleman,
And all his companie from shamesfull death.

All. God save the King, and God bleſſe M. Shoare.

Ioc. Amen, & helpe these free comming here any mar.

Ia. You must discharge them paying off their fees;

Which for I feare their store is verie small,
I will despay, hold, here, take purse and all,
Pay master Vaux tis gold, if not inough,
Send to me, and I will pay you royally.

Stra. Ladie, in the behalfe of all the rest,
With humble thanks I yeeld my selfe your slave.
Command their service and command my life.

Ia. So Captaine Stranguidge, let the King command
Your liues and service, who hath given you life,
These and such offices conscience bids me do.

D. Sh. Wittie that ere sturpie the trobe her chooe.

Sha. O had that conscience pickt when loue prouokt.

Bra. Ladie the last but not the least in debt,
To your deuotion for my Cousins life,
I render thanks, yet thanks is but a breath,
Command (Madame) during life,
Old Brackenburie bowes for you to stand,
What'st I haue himmes o; any foot of land.

Sho. Thus is her glorie builded on the sand.

Ia. Thanks good M. Lieutenant of the towre.
Sirra prepare my horse, why stay you here? to locky.
Pray ye commend me to my noble friend,
The Duke of Clarence now your prisoner,
Bid him not doubt the Kings displeasures pass,
I hope to gaine him fauour and release.

Bra. God grant ye may, hees a noble gentleman,

D. S. My patrone Gloster will crosse it if he can.

Enter a messenger.

Nu. Wheres mistress Shoare? Ladie I come in post,
The King hath had a dangerous fit,

The second part of the second act

Since you came from him, twice his maiestie hath swounded, and with much a doe requirde, And still as breath will giue him leape to speake, He calls for you: the Queene and all the Lords haue sent to seeke pee, haue vnto his Grace, Whels I feare youle neuer see his face.

Ia. O God defend, good friends pray for the King, More bitter are the netes which he doth bing, Then those were sweet I brought to you of late: If Edward dye, confounded is my state, He haue vnto him and will spend my blood, To save his life or do him any good.

Exeunt she and the Messenger.

Sh. And so would I for thee hadst thou bene true: But if he dye, bid all thy pompe adieu.

Bra. Welcome me but I do not like these netes, Of the Kings dangerous sicknesse.

Keeper. No no I, Captaine, and master Flud, and all the rest, I do reioyce your pardon was obtainde, Before these netes, these inauspicious netes, If the King dye, the state will soon be change, My Lieutenant, youle goe to the Tower: He take my leaue, gallants God blesse all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

Str. God blesse my Vaux, I wis ye haue lost good guests, Bra. You shall be my guest for a night or two, Till your owne lodging be preparde, But tell me Sir what meanes hath my Flud

Str. I cannot tell, he aske him if you will, Bra. Dafe, and if his fortune be vnsafe, He entertaine him if hele dwell with me, On good condition.

Str. My Mathew Flud, Heare ye my Cousin Brackenburies word, He hath concealde such liking of your parts,

That

King Edward the fourth

That if your meanes surmount not his suppose,
Heele entertaine ye gladly at the Tower,
To waite on him, and put you in great trust.
Sho. In what I undertake I will be true,
And hold me happie, if my diligence
May please so worthy a Gentleman as he,
What ere my fortunes haue been, they are now,
Such as to seruice make their master bow.

Bra. So Flud, moze like a friend and fellows mate,
I meane to vie thee, then a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the Tower,
And giue thee meanes to liue in some good sort.

Sho. I thanke ye sir, God grant I may deserue it.

Bra. Cousin and all your true come home with me,
Where after sorrow we may merrie be.

Sho. The Tower will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may heare good newes and bad no vie the best;
God blesse the King, a woyle may weare the crowne,
And then Iane Shoare thy credit will come downe,
For though he neuer bed no; bad with thee,
Yet thy destruction with I not to see,
Because I lou'd thee when thou wast my wife,
Not for now sauing my disdained life,
Which lasts too long, God grant vs both to mend,
Well I must in, my seruice to attend. Exit.

The Lord Louell and Doctor Shaw meet on the stage.

Sha. Well met my good Lord Louell.

Lo. Whither away so fast goes Doctor Shaw?

Sh. Whither to the Tower, to shew the Duke of Clarence,
Who as I heare is faine to grieuous sike,
As it is thought he can by no meane escape.

Lo. He neither can no; shall I warrant thee.

Sh. I hope my Lord he is not dead already.

Lo. But I hope as he is, I am sure I saw him dead,

The second part of

Of a flies death, drowned in a butte of Palmsey.

Sha. Drowned in a butte of Palmsey? thats strange,
Doubtlesse he neuer would misdoe himselfe?

Lo. So that thou knowest right well, he had some helpers,
Thy hand was in it with the Duke of Glosters,
As smoothly as thou seekst to couer it.

Sha. Oh fowle words my Lord, no more of that;
The world knowes nothing, then what should I feare?
Doth not your honour seeke promotion?
Oh giue the Doctor then a little leane,
So that he gaine preferment with a king.

Cares not who goes to wacke, whole heart doth wryng;

Lo. A King? what King?

Sha. Why Richard man? who else? good Lord I see,
Wise men sometimes haue weake capacitie.

Lo. Why is not Edward liuing? and if he were not,
Hath he not children? what shall become of them?

Sha. Why man, lining for beds, a knife, or so.
What make a boy a King and a man stand by,
Richard, a man for vs? he that were a shame.

Lo. Say then I see if Edward were decess,
Which way the game would go.

Sha. What else my Lord?

That way the current of our fortune runnes,
By noble Richard gallant royall Richard,
He is the man must onely do vs good,

So I haue honour, let me swimme through blood.
My Lord, be but at Pauls crosse on Sunday next,
I hope I haue it here shall soundly proue,
King Edwards children not legitimate.

Say, and that for Edward ruling now,
And George the Duke of Clarence so late dead,
Their mother hath so tread the shoor awry,

Lo. Why what is Richard then?

Sha. Tur, a lawfull man, he saies it to himselfe.
And what he saies he be so bold to sweare,

Though

King Edward the fourth.

Though in my soule I know it other wise,
Beate promotion while you live my Lord.

Enter Catesbie

Ca. A staff, a staff, a thousand crownes for a staff.

Lo. What staff Sir William Catesbie?

Ca. Why man a white staff for my L. protector.

Lo. Why, is King Edward dead?

Ca. Dead Louell, dead, and Richard our good Lord

Is made protector of the sweet young Prince.

Oh for a staff, where might I have a staff,

That I might best present it to his hand.

Sha. How do I smell two Bishopricks at least,

My sermon shall be peppered sound for this.

Enter mistress Shore weeping, Iockie

following.

Ca. Why how now mistress Shore? what put finger in the

eye then I see you have some cause to cry.

Lo. I blame her not, her chieftest stay is gone,

Whom she had to lean upon.

I see by her these tidings are too true.

Lo. I my Lord Louell, they are too true indeed;

Myself King Edward now hath breath'd his last,

The Queen turn'd out, and her friend put by,

None now admitted, but Lord Richard please.

Lo. Why doubtlesse Richard will be kind to you.

Lo. Ah my Lord Louell, doubtlesse me from his kindness:

So sooner was the white staff in his hand,

But finding me was the right most full cure,

Sadly bemoaning such a mightie loss.

Here is no place, quoth he, you must be gone,

We have other matters now to thinke upon.

For you, (quoth he to me) and hit his hip,

And stroke me with his staff, but said no more.

Whereby

The second part of *King Lear*

Whereby I know he meant me no good. *Exit*
 Car. Tell mistress Shooze, it is time to be a hostess time;
 Shift for your selfe, come lads let vs be gone,
 Hopall King Richard must not walke by you.

Sh. Tell mistress Shooze, if you haue need of me;
 You shall command me to the uttermost.

Exit
 Ia. First let me dye ere I be put in prison;
 In any flouting sportfull of your all; *Exit*
 Go lockie, take down all my hanging;
 And quickly see my trunks be lodg'd softly;
 To mistress Blague, my gaine in a lumbard street;
 The flower de luce, good locky, in the same street;
 She, she must be my refuge in this time;
 See it be done quickly lockie. *Exit*

lockie. Whiche quoth a? marrie heres a whiche chaing
 in deed, like which change did I nere see before. Now dream
 I, that if be a perie pure fellowe, and hardly to be liker to
 drinke with a gude fellowe. But what should I say? beere?
 I must goe to my maistres bidding, carry all that stuffe and
 geere to mistress Blague, at the flower de luce in lumbard
 streete, which then dispatch. *Exit*

Enter Brackenbury, and Flud, with them the two young
 princes, Edward and Richard, Gloster, Car.

Loell and Trilland, with them the two
 Br. Come hither Flud let me heare thy opinion;

Thou knowest I build upon thy confidence;
 And honest dealing in thy greatest affairs;
 I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
 Gloster I meane, Protector of the land,
 Who giues in charge the Tower be prepared,
 This night to entertaine the two young princes;
 It is my dutie to obey I haue sayd;

But

King Edward the fourth.

But manifold suspicions trouble me.

Fl. He is their uncle sir, and in that sence,
Nature should warrant their secrettie.
Next, his deceased brother at his death,
To Richards care committed both the realme,
And their protection: where humanitie
Stands as an Orator, to plead against
All wrong suggestion of vnkinde thoughts:
Beside you are Lieutenant of the Tower,
Say that there should be any hurt pretended,
The priuiledge of your authoritie
Dies into euery corner of the house,
And what can then be done without your knowledge?

Bra. Thou saist true Flud, though Richard be protector,
When once they are within the Tower limits,
The charge of them (vnlesse he derogate)
From this my office, which was neuer seene,
In any Kings time, doth belong to me:
And ere that Brackenburie will consent,
Nor suffer wrong be done vnto these babes,
His sword and all the strength within the Tower,
Shall be opposde against the proudest commr,
Be it to my soule as I intend to them.

Fl. And saith in me vnto this common wealth,
And truth to men hath hitherto been seene
The Plot that hath guided my lines course,
Though it was my fortune to be wrongd in both:
And therefore sir neither the mightiest souldier,
Nor any bythes shall winne me otherwise.

Bra. 'Tis well resolu'd, and still me thinks they should
Be safe enough with vs, and yet I feare,
But now no moze, it seemes they are at hand.

Pr. Ed. Uncle what gentleman is that? Enter.

Gl. It is (sweet Prince) Lieutenant of the towre.

Pr. Ed. Sir we are come to be your guests to night:
I pray you tell me did you euer know,

The second part of

Our father Edward lodgde within this place?

Bra. Neuer to lodge (my liege) but oftentimes;
On other occasions I haue seene him here.

Ric. Brother last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, bearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison.
And therfore marveld that my vncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a Kings receipt,
Within this Citie, had appoynted none,
Where you might keepe your Court but only here.

Gl. While byats, how they do descant on the Towre.
My gentle Nephew they were well advise
To tutoz you with such vnfitting tearmes
(Who ere they were) against this royall mansion:
What if some part of it hath becne reserv'd,
To be a prison for nobilitie?

Followes it therefore that it cannot serue,
To anie other vse? Caesar himselfe,
What built the same, within it kept his court,
And manie Kings since him, the rooms are large
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you haue.

Pr. Ed. Vncle of Gloster, if you thinke it so,
It is not for me to contradict your will.
We must allow it, and are well content.

Glo. On then a Gods name.

Pr. Ed. Yet before we goe,

Ene question moze with you M. Lieutenant:
We like you well, and but we doe perceine
More comfort in your lookes, then in these walles,
For all our Vncle Glosters friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heauie still as lead.
I pray you tell me, at which dooze or gate
Was it my vncle Clarence did goe in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Bra. At this my liege; why sighs your maiesty?

Pr. Ed.

King Edward the fourth.

P. Ed. He went in here that nere came back againe,
But as God hath decreed so let it bee,
Come brother shall we goe?

Rich. Yes brother any where with you. Exeunt.

Tirill puls Catesbie by the sleeve.

Tir. Sir were it best I did attend the Duke,
Or stay his leisure till his backe returne?

Cat. I pray-master Tirill, stay without,
It is not good you should be seene by day
Within the Towre, especially at this time,
He tell his honour of your being here,
And you shall know his pleasure presently.

Tir. Euen so Sir: men would be glad by any meanes,
To raise themselves that haue beene ouertrowne,
By fortunes scozne, and I am one of them.

Enter Duke of Gloucester.

Here comes the Duke.

Glo. Catesbie, is this the man?

Cat. It is like your excellencie.

Glo. Come neere.

Thy name is Tirill, is it not?

Tir. Iames Tirill is my name my gracious Lord.

Glo. Welcome, it should appeare that thou hast bin
In better state then now it seemes thou art.

Tir. I haue bin by my sepy my Lord, though now deprest,
And clouded ouer with aduersitie.

Glo. Be rulde by me, and thou shalt rise againe,
And prooue moze happy then thou euer wast,
There is but onely two degrees by which,
It shall be needfull for thee to ascend,
And that is faith and rectornesse.

Tir. Ifeuer I prooue false vnto your grace,
Conuert your fauour to afflictions.

Glo. What canst thou too be secret?

The second part of

Tirill. *Erie me my Lord:*

This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blab.

Glo. Thy countenance hath like a silver key,
Opend the closet of my heart, reade there,
It scholler like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art a man ordained to serue my turne.

Tir. So farre as my capacitie will reach,
The sence my Lord to this, this night you say,
The two young Princes both must suffer death.

Glo. Thou hast my meaning, wilt thou do it, speake?

Tir. It shall be done.

Glo. Enough, com follo to me,
For thy direction and for gold to see,
Such as must aide thee in their Tragedie.

Enter mistress Blague and Iockie loden.

Bla. Welcome good Iockie, what good newes bring you?

Ioc. Marry maistres my gude mistres greets ye maistres,
and prays ye maistres till dight by her Chamber, for sheel lig
wore ye to night maistres. And heres her cat skin till she come.

Enter Iane.

Ia. Why how now sopterer? make ye no more ha? *?*
When will my trunks and all my stufte be brought,
If you thus sopter, go, make ha? withall.

Ioc. Parte sall aye, giue peele be bad patient a while.

Exit.

Ia. How gentle Mistress Blague the onely friend,
That fortune leaues me to relye vpon.
My counsels closet and my tower of strength,
To whom for safetie I retire my selfe,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
Dwelle on me, and giue me gentle looks,
If I be welcome, then with cheerefull heart,
And willing hand, shew me true signes thereof.

Bla. Doubt ye of welcome Ladie to your friend?
Pay to your seruant, to your headswoman,
To speake but truth, your boundies bondwoman:

King Edward the fourth.

Use me, command me, call my house your owne,
And all I haue sweete Lacie at your will.

Ia. Away with titles, lay by courtly tearmes,
The case is altered, now the King is dead,
And with his life my fauouring friends are fled,
No Madame now, but as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, poore lane Shoare.

Bla. I loue you then, and since, and euer shall.
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall,
You when my husbands lewde transgression,
Of all our wealth had lost possession,
By forfeiture into his highnes hands,
Got restitution for our goods and lands,
We fled, and hid in France: to heale that harme,
You helpt me to three manors in see farme,
The worst of which cleers threescore pound a yeare,
Haue I not reason then to hold you deare?
Yes hap what will untill my life do end,
You are and shall be my best beloued friend.

Ia. How if misfortune my folly do succeed?

Bla. Trust me true friends bide touch in time of need.

Ia. If I want consume the wealth I had before.

Bla. My wealth is yours, and you shall spend my store.

Ia. But the pretor: prosecutes his hate.

Bla. With me line secret from the world's debate.

Ia. You will be wearie of so bad a guest.

Bla. Then let me neuer on the earth be blast.

Ia. Ah mistress Blague, you tender me such lous,
As all my sorowes from my soule remooue,
And though my portion be not verie large,
Yet come I not to you to be a charge,
Copre, plate, and Jewels pryde at lowest rate,
I bring with me to maintaine my estate,
Worth twentie thousand pound and my arale,
If you suruiue to see my dying day,
From you no pennie will I giue away.

The second part of

Bla. And I thanke you that so my wealth increaseth,
I am worth I trow, ten thousand pounds at least,
I thinke like two warme widowes we may live,
Untill good fortune two good husbands gine,
For surely mistress Shoare your husbandes dead,
When heard ye of him?

Ia. Neuer since he deadde.

O mistress Blague, now put you in my head
That kils my heart, why should I breath this aire,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repaire?
Oh were he here with me to lead his life,
Although he neuer vnde me as a wife,
But as a iudge to spurne me with his feet,
Yet should I thinke with him that life were sweet.

Bla. How can ye once conceit so base a thing,
That haue beene kiss and coherd by a king?
Weepe not, you hurte your selfe by Gods blest mother,
Your husbandes dead woman, thinke vpon another,
Let vs in to supper, drinke wine, cheere your heart,
And whilst I live, be sure ils take your part.

Exit,

Enter Brackenburie, Shoare, Dighton, Forrest,

Tirill.

Tir. Sir I assure you tis my Lord Protectors warrant.

Bra. My friend, I haue conferrd it with his letters,
And tis his hand indeed, ile not denie,
But blame me not although I be precise,
In matters that so neerely do concerne me.

Dight. My Lord Protector, sir I make no doubt,
Dare iustifie his warrant, though perhaps
He doth not now acquaint you why he doth it.

Bra. I thinke sir theres no subiect now in England,
Will bye his grace, to shew what he dare do,
Nor will I aske him why he does it,
I would I might, to ridde me of my doubt,

aside.

For. Why sir I thinke he needs no president,

King Edward the fourth.

For what he does I thinke his power is absolute enough.

Bra. I haue no power fir to examine it,

For will: I do obey your warrant,

Which I will keepe for my securitie.

Tir. You shal do well in that fir.

Bra. Heres the keyes.

Sho. And yet I could wish my Lord Protector
Had sent his warrant hither by some other, aside.

I do not like their looks I tell you true.

Bra. For I flud, I assure thee.

For. What doth that haue mutter to his master?

Digh. I heare him say he doth not like our looks.

Tir. Why not our looks, fir?

For. Sirra we heare you.

Sho. I am glad you doe fir, all is one for that:

But if you did not, hearken better now.

I neuer saw thre faces, in whose looks

Did euer sit more terro, or more death:

God blisse the Princes if it be his will,

I do not like these villaines.

Digh. Zounds. Slab the villaine, sirra do you b'haue vs?

Sho. I, thats your comming, for you come to Slab.

For. Slab him.

Sho. Say then ile Slab with thee.

Tir. Zblud cut his throat.

Bra. Hold Gentlemen, I pray you.

Sho. Sir I am hurt, Slabd in the arme.

Bra. This is not to be iustified my friendes,

To draw your weapons here within the Towre,

And by the law it is no lesse then death.

I cannot thinke the Duke will like of this,

I pray ye be content, too much is done.

Tir. He might haue held his peace then, and been quiet.

Farewell, farewell.

Sho. Hell and damnation follow murderers.

Bra. Goe flud, get thee some surgeon to look to thy wound.

Exit.

The second part of

Hast no acquaintance with some skilfull surgeon?
Keepe thy wound close, and let it not take aire.
And for mine owne part, I will not stay here.
Whither wilt thou goe that I may send to thee?

Sho. To one mistris Blagues, an Iune in Gracious street,
There shall ye finde me, or shall heare of me.

Bra. Sweet princely babes, farewell I feare you soze,
I doubt these eyes shall neuer see you moze.

Enter the two young Princes, Edward and Richard
in their gownes and cappes vnbuttond,
and vntrust.

Rich. How does your Lordshippe?

Ed. Well good brother Richard, how does your selfe?
You told me your head ached.

Rich. Indeede it does my Lord, feele with your hand
how hot it is.

He layes his hand on his brothers head.

Ed. Indeed you haue caught cold,
With sitting pester night to heare me reade,
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick, poore little heart.

Rich. Woulde giue me leaue to wait vpon your Lordship.

Ed. I had moze need brother to wait on you:
For you are sicke, and so am not I.

Rich. O Lord, me thinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.

Ed. I pray thee do not speake of graves sweet heart,
Indeed thou frightest me.

Ri. Why my Lord Brother, did not our Tutor teach vs,
That when at night we went vnto our bed,
We still should thinke we went vnto our grave.

E. Yes thats true, & we should do as enery christian ought,
To be preparede to die at enery houre, but I am heauie.

Rich. Indeed and so am I.

Ed. Then let vs say our prayers and go to bed.

They

King Edward the fourth.

They kneele, and solemne musicke the while within, the
musike ceaseth and they rise.

Rich. What, bleeds your grace?

Ed. I two drops and no more.

Rich. God bleesse vs both, and I desire no more.

Ed. Brother see here what David saies, and so say I,
Lords in this will I trust although I dye.

As the young Princes goe out, enter Tirill.

Tir. O lay pe do woe, but neuer more to this,
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder,
That euer was committed since the world,
The veris sencelesse stones here in the wallen,
Bryake out in teares but to behold the face,
He thynkes the bodie sleeping dead in graues,
Should rise and cry against vs O hark, hark,
The Pandjakes theekes are musicks to their cries,
The very night is frighted, and the starres
Do drop like torches, to behold this dreame,
The very center of the earth doth shake,
He thynkes the Caluys the oldent do woe from the top,
To let the heauen looke on this monstrous deed.

Enter at the one dore Digheon, with Edward ynder his
arme, at the other dore Forrell with Richard.

Digh. Stand further damned rogue, & come not neere me.

For. Stay I and thou forstet villaine, stand still.

Digh. Are we not both damned for this cursed deed?

For. Thou art the witness that thou heard the King.

Digh. And what heard thou?

For. It is too true, oh I am damned indeed.

He lookes downe on the boy ynder his arme.

Tir. I am as deep as you although my hand
did not the deed.

Digh. O villaine, art thou there?

For. A plague light on thee.

Tir. Curse not, a thousand plagues will light upon thee all.

E

They

The second part of

They lay them downe.
The Priest here in the Towre will burie them,
Let vs away.

Enter M. Blague and her two women, bringing in Shoare
alias Fild, in a chaire, his arme bleeding
apace.

Bl. So, set him here a tubbe where is more stre,
How cheere you sir, alache he hath begn
To change his colour, where is mistress Shoare?
Gone to her closet for a precious balme,
The same she said King Edward bled him selfe.
Alack I feare heele die before she come,
Hynne quickly for some Koss-Iolis, taint not str,
Be of good comfort, come good mistress Shoare,
What haue you there?

Ia. Stand by and giue me leane.

Bl. Unhappie we to lodge him in my house.

Ia. I warrant you woman, be not afraid;
If not this blond-Gone hang about his necke,
Ehis balme will sanct it by the helpe of God,
Lift up his arme whilst I do bath his wound,
The signe belike was here when he was hurt,

O else some principall and chiefe paine is pierst.

Bl. How true, sure the foye was load a haine,

That lookt no better to him as the first.

Ia. Blame him not mistress Blague, the best of them.

In such a case as this may be to seeke.

Bl. God be blessed, see the crimson bloud,

That was precipitate, and falling downe

Into his arme, retires into his face.

How fare you sir? how do you feele your selfe?

Sho. Oh wherefore haue you made me from my sleep?
And broke the quiet slumber I was in?

We thought I sate in such a pleasant place,

So full of all delight as neuer any eye

Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend.

They

King Edward the fourth.

If you had let me go I felt no paine,
But being now reuolt my gilese cene was.

Ia. Give him some Rosa-solis mistris Blague,
And that will likewise animate the spirites,
And send alacritie vnto the heart,
That hath bin struggling with the pangs of death.

Bla. Here sir drinke this, you need not feare it sir,
It is no hurt, see I will be your taster.
Then drinke I pray you.

Ia. Now fellows raise his body from the chaire,
And gently let him walke a turne or two.

Bla. Good sooth mistris Shoare, I did not thinke till now,
You had been such a cunning child. Idratton.

Sho. Oh mistris Blague, though I must needs confesse,
It would haue been moze welcome to my soule,
If I had died and been remoued at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,
Whereof I haue sustained no meane twaight,
Then lingering here be made a packhorse till
Of torments, in comparison of which,
Death is but as the pitching of a thorne.

Yet do I thanke you for your taking paines,
And would to God I could requite your towe.

Bla. Sir I did you little good, what was done
Ascribe the benefit and praise thereof,
Vnto the Gentlewoman, this mistris Shoare,
Who next to God prefers the poore feeble life.

Sho. Here mistris Shoare, good friends let go your hold,
My strength is now sufficient of it selfe.
Oh is it she that still prolongs my towe?
Was it euen so not onely at the first,
She should be my destruction, but now thisse,
When gracious destinies haue brought about,
To end this weary pilgrimage of mine,
Shall she be gone but she preuent that good,
And stop my entrance to eternall bliss.

The second part of

Oh lasting plague, oh endlesse sorrow,
It now repents me double that I leapt,
Since lifes made dead, and lifes autho: hate.

Ia. Sir take my counsell and sit downe againe,
It is not good to be so bold of foote,
Upon the sudden till you haue more strength.

Sho. Mistris I thanke you, and I care not much
If I be colde by you.

Oh God that she should pittie me unknowne,
That knowing me by her was overthowne,
Oh ignorantlie she should regard this smart,
That here before spard not to stab my heart.

Enter Brackenburie.

Bra. By your leave mistris Blague, I am somewhat bold,
Is there not a gentleman within your house,
Cald M. Flud came hithe: here last night?

Bl. Is his name Flud, I knowe it not till now,
But here he is, and well recovered,
Thanks to this gentlewoman mistris Shoare.

Bra. Pardon me mistris Shoare, I saw you once
And trust me I am soyle at the heart,
So good a creature as your selfe hath beene
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are,
I promise you she will lament your case.

Ia. How meane you Sir? I understand you not.
I lament my case, for what? Am I dead or dead?
I know that I haue lost a gracious friend,
But that is not to be remedied now.

Bra. So mistris Shoare tells me Richard hath,
That too much enuies your prosperitie.

Ia. I know he loues me not and yet that canst
I haue with joye receiue from the robbet.

Bra. You haue not heard the proclamation yet?

Ia. The proclamatione no, what proclamatione?

Bra. Oh mistris Shoare, the King in euery street
Of London, and in euery borough towne,

King Edward the fourth.

Throng out this land hard publickly proclaiming,
On paine of death that none shall harbour you,
O; giue you food o; clothes to keep you warme,
But hauing first done shamefull penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the Citty gates,
Into the naked cold winnien field:
I saile not, I would to God I did,
See, here is the manner of it put in print,
It is to be sold in euery Stationers shop;
Besides a number of them clapt on ponds,
Where people crowding as they read pore fall;
Some murmur, and some say, but most of them,
Hane their relenting eyes euen big with teares.

Ia. Gods will be done, I know my sinne is great,
And he that is omnipotent and iust,
Cannot but must reward me heauily.

Bra. It grieues me mistress Shoare, it was my charice,
To be the first reposter of this newes.

Ia. Let it not grieue ye, I must haue heard of it,
And now as good as at another time.

Bra. I pray ye mistress Blague haue care of Flud,
And what his charge is I will see you paid.

Ia. Farewell to all: that ill shall be my song.

Let men impose vpon me nere such wrong,

And this extremittie shall sceme the lesse,

In that I haue a friend to loane vnto,

Sweet mistress Blague, there were vpon the earth,

No comfort left for miserable Iane;

But that I do presume vpon your loue.

I know though tyrant Richard had set do vnto,

A greater penaltie then is proclaimed.

Which cannot well be thought, put in your house,

I should haue succour and reliefe befall.

Bla. What, and so I should be a traitor, should I

So that the care you haue of me and mine?

I thanke you truly, no theres no such matter,

The second part of goi X

I loue you well, but loue my selfe better:
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly:
But being otherwise, I do reiect you,
And will not cherish my Kings enemies:
You know the danger of the proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my booke.

Ia. When was it? not scene I am Shouere was false,
Either unto her countrey, or her King:
And therefore tis not well good mistris Blague,
That you vnpayd me with a traytors name.

Bla. I, but you haue been a wicked lier,
And now you see what tis to be vchasse,
You should haue kept you with your honest husband.
I was neuer other like but that such Althineffe
Would haue a foule and detestable end.

Ia. Time was that you did tell me otherwise
And studied how to set a gloss on that,
Which now you say is bawly and vnsounde.

Bla. I told you then as then the time did serue,
And more indeed to trie your disposition,
Then any way to encourage you to stine:
But when I saw you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on termes of modestie,
I left you to your owne arbitrement:
Can you denie it was not so? how say you?

Ia. We will not mistris Blague dispute of that,
But note in charitie and womanhood,
Let me find fauour if it be but this,
That in some barnes of Rable I may thriue,
Till otherwile I be prouided for.

Bla. I pray ye do not barge me mistris Shouere,
I will not haue my house indangered so.

Ia. Wh you did promise I should neuer want,
And that your house was mine, and swore the same,
To keepe your oath be then compassionate.

Bla.

King Edward the fourth.

Bla. So you did sweare you would be true to Shoare,
But you were not so good as your word,
By oathes discharge now by the Kings command.

Ia. Yet let me have those Jewels and that money,
Which is within my trunks.

Bla. I know of none.
If there be any, let us so holde,
As keepe it for your dyet and your maner.
It is no little charge I have been at,
To feede your daintie mouth, since you came hither,
Besides houseroome, I am sure is somewhat costly.

Sho. Ah lane, I cannot chuse but pittie thee,
Heres the first step to thy deepe miserie.

Ia. Oh that my griefe had then been made my house,
When either first I went into the Court,
Or from the consecr'd ground into this place.

Enter two apparitors.

Ser. Now now, what are you yett become maner,
You should have bought better, you had come in.

1. Ap. This are the Bishopps Parsonage grounds,
And mistress Shoore our errand is to you.
This day it is commanded by the King,
You must be strip out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheet goe from temple barre,
Untill you come to Mynde, bare footed,
Your haire about your eares, and in your hand,
A burning taper, therewith you must walke.

Ia. Even when and whether you will, and should to God,
The King as some will have it, will be true,
As he may strip my bodie of these ragges.

2. Ap. That would be long enough, but for this day,
And mistress Blague you shall walke in,
When it is knowne we found her in your house.

1. Ap. It seemes you have not found in his house yett.

Bla. I harbour her? out on her for a trumpet queane,
Shee shall be put into the stocks.

The second part of *Henry VIII.*

He is her hangere I will harbour her.
 So now her lewels and her gold is mine,
 And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
 Wealthier by this match then I was before.
 And what can be objected for the same?
 That once I lou'd her: wel perhaps I will,
 And women all are govern'd by the moode,
 But now I am of another humour,
 Which is you know a planet that will change.

Car. Now Sir, Sheriffe of London, do your office,
 Attach this rebel to his obedience?
 And having stript her to her petticoates,
 Turne her out a doore, with this condition,
 That no man harbour her, that dar's presume
 To harbour that lewde creature, shonour's losse,
 Against the strait commendment of the King.

Bla. I beseech you sir.

Car. Away with her I say.
 The while she lye upon her backe in good,
 Which wholly are consecrate to the King.

Sho. Oh what have I beheld, were I a penny,
 As when I came to London to be panted,
 This pageant were sufficient to instruct
 And teach me ever after to be wile.
 First have I leene defect of manhood,
 And breach of wedlocke: then of flatterie,
 Next of dissembling love; and last of all,
 The cunning of her catching our riches.
 But poore Iane sheweth that I looke the same,
 And wast by husband I am still the same.
 The speeches of old men; and long ago
 Made up in ashes of dissembling tales,
 And in this furnace of our life,
 The world speaks a husband's love.

Enter D. Shaw piously reading on his book.

King Edward the fourth.

followes the ghost of Friar Anselme, with
a lighted torch.

Sha. Spuria vixulamina non agent radices altas.
Bastardly slips haue alwaies tender growth,
Ab Shaw, this was the curled theme,
That at Pauls crosse thou madest thy sermon of,
To proue the lawfull issue of thy King,
Got out of wedlocke, illegitimate.
Ab Duke of Gloster this didst thou proue.
Did Richard (villaine) not it was thy fault,
Thou wouldst be wanne to such a damned deed,
Which now to thinke on makes my soule to bleed.
Ab Friar Anselme, sleep among the blest,
Thy prophesie thus falsly did I test.

Enter Anselme.

An. Thou didst and be thou damned therefore,
Here come thy soule where blest spirits abide,
Didst thou not kinde the letter G. was Gloster?

Sha. Anselme I did.

An. Why then didst thou affirme,
That it was meant by George the Duke of Clarence,
That honorable hartlike gentleman,
Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,
Yet came through thee to such a lucklesse death.

Sha. I was induced by the Duke of Gloster.

An. Enso I said thou wouldst thou then be ensnared,
Being a man of thy profession,
To sinne so vilely, and with thine owne mouth,
To damne thy soule: no thou wast not ensnared,
But gaue me hope of high promotion
Bye thee thereto, say was it not so?

Sha. It did, it did.

An. Why then record in thy black bellith thoughts,
How many mischiefs haue ensued thereon:
First wronged Clarence, poisoned in the Tower,
Next Edwards children murdered in the Tower:

The second part of

This day at Pomfret noble Gentlemen,
 Thye the Queenes hired; lose their harmlesse heads,
 Thinkst thou that here this bond of mischiefe staies?
 No villaine, many are markt to the blocke,
 And they the neerer, thinke them furthest off,
 Queen Buckingham, creator of that King,
 Shall be to woe and wretched ending bring.
 All this (accursed man) hath come by thee,
 And thy false wailing of my propheticke,
 For Englands good directed to thy trust;
 And so it hath been, hadst thou pious trust.
 Not thou and euery one that has a hand,
 In that most wofull murder of the Princes,
 To fatall ends you are appointed all.
 Here in thy body shalt thou see thy selfe,
 And from this daye not tast one bit of food;
 The rest shall after follow on a reioy,
 To all their deaths, vengeance shall not be slow.

Enter a Messenger to Shaw.

Mes. My brother Doctor Shaw.
 Sha. Here friend, what is thy will with me?
 Mes. King Richard praieth you to come to him.
 For he would haue confesse.
 Shaw. I cannot come: I pray thee take that.
 For he cannot better saye then I.
 Mes. A frier. Doctor I am.
 Sha. Doeſt thou not heare, thy damned soules
 Cannot discerne the heuyn that I doe.
 An. Shaw go with him & tell that young Richard,
 He hath but thye yeares limited for life;
 And then a shamefull death takes hold on him.
 That done & saye, and in thy hand.
 Thy lorded life that diſt be all offend;
 Sh. With all my heart, would it were ended now.
 So it were done I care not where nor how. Exeunt.

Enter

Enter

Enter

King Edward the fourth.

Enter the two Parrators, with mistress Shoare in a white
sheete, barefooted with her haire about her eares,
and in her hand a waxetaper.

1. Par. *Prots* *Sho* Shoare, here our commission ends,
Put off your roabe of shame, for this is Algate,
Whither it was appointed we should bring you.

1a. *Sho* roabe of shame? Oh that so foule a name
Should be applied vnto so faire a garment,
Which is no more to be condemn'd of shame
Then steele of preservation is defend'd,
To cover an infectious heape of dung,
Sho roabe of shame, but not my shame put off,
For that sits band'd on my forehead still,
And therefore in derision was I weapt,
In this white sheete: and in derision boye
This burning taper to expresse my follie,
That hauing light of reason to direct me,
Delighted yet in by-wiles of darke error.

2. Par. *Well* *Sho* Shoare, I hope you grudge not vs,
Wee thewe you all the sauer poore men could.

1a. Oh God forbid: I know the things edict
Set you at worke, and not your owne desires.

1. P. I truly mistress, and for our parts,
Wee could be well content twere otherwise,
But that the lawes severe, & so we leaue you. Exit.

1a. Farewell vnto you both: and London too,
Farewell to thee, where first I was entird;
That scandalize thy dignitie with shame,
But now thou hast return'd me trebble blame:
Sho tongue that gave consent intoynde to beg,
Sho eyes abinng'd to howle laments,
Sho armes for their embracing catch the aire,
And those quicke nimble feete that were so ready
To step into a Kings forbidden bed,
London thy sinne haue punisht for their pride,

The second part of

And thou hast drinke their blood for thy reuenge,
 What now auoiles to thinke what I haue been,
 When welcome nakednesse and povertie,
 Welcome contempt, welcome yon barren fields,
 Welcome the lacke of meat, and lacke of friends,
 And wretched lane, according to thy date,
 Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be,
 All things that breath, in their extremitie
 Haue some recourse of succour: thou hast none,
 The child offended flies vnto the mother,
 The souldier stricke, restres vnto his Captaine,
 The fish distressed, slides vnto the riuier,
 Birds of the aire do flie vnto their dammers,
 And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded,
 Nay, beat the sparrell, and his master mones him,
 But I haue neither to here to shroud my selfe,
 Nor any one to make my mone vnto,
 Come patience then, and though my body pine,
 Make thou a banquet to refresh my soule,
 Let heart deepe sobbing sighs be all my bread,
 My drinke salt teares, my guest a repentant thought,
 That who so knew me, and hath seen me now,
 May thou by me the breach of widdocks know.

Enter Brackenburie with a prayer-booke, & some
 reliefe in a cloth for mistris Shoare.

Bra. Oh God how full of dangers growe these times,
 And no assurance seems in any state,
 No man can say that he is master now,
 Of any thing is his, such is the tide
 Of host discorde bance running through the land,
 I haue giuen ouer my office in the Towre,
 Because I cannot bracke this vnto compleat,
 Nor smother such outrageous villanies,
 But mistris Shoare to be so basely wronged,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And wisely vnderstande, that hath so well descryd,
It doth assist me in the vaine soule,
He saide my kinsman, Harrie Strangewidge life,
Therefore in death I am bound to her,
To do what good I may though late forby,
Where she sits, God comfort thee good soule,
First take that to relieve thy body with,
And next receive this booke, wherein is food,
A panna of heauen to refresh thy soule,
These holy meditations misseis Shoare,
Will yeeld much comfort in this miserie,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer tyme,
That God may be myndfull of thy Anne.

Ia. Master Lieutenant, in my heart I thank ye,
For this kind comfort to a wretched soule,
Welcome sweet papper-booke, food of my life,
The soveraigne balme of my sick conscience,
Thou shalt be my soules pleasure and delight,
To wipe my sinnes out of lehouers sight.

Bra. Do so good misseis Shoare, now I must leaue ye,
Because some other businesse calls me hence,
And God I pray regard your penitence. Exit.

Ia. Farewell Sir Robert, and for this good to mee,
The God of heauen be myndfull still of thee.

As she sits weeping and praying, enters at one dore
young M. Aire, and old Rufford at another.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be far off,
For but even now I met the officers,
That were attendant on her in her penitence,
Ponder she sits, now that Aire show thy selfe,
Thankfull to her, that sometimes shal be thy life,
When late had made thee subject to this death,
Gone her thy parle, for here comes some Lady,
Stand by a while, for feare thou be discovered.

Ref.

The second part of *Henry VIII.*

Ruf. What mistress Shore, King Edwards concubine,
Set on a mole-hill, oh disparagement.

A throne were fitter for your Ladyship.

He will you rubber these faire cheekes with teares.

O sit so solitarie, wheres all your seruants?

Where is your gowne of silke, your periwigs,

Your fine rebatoes, and your costly Jewels,

What not so much as a shoe vpon your foote?

May then I see the world goes hard with whoores.

Airc. The villaine flouts gibes at her miserie.

Ruf. Now whether is it better to be in court,

And there to beg a licence of the King,

For transportation of commodities,

Then here to sit forsaken as thou dost,

I thinke vpon condition Edward liued,

And thou were still in fauour as before,

Thou wouldest not say that Rufford had deserued,

To haue his eares rent for a wooper late,

Then licents to thy ouer coyne and leade,

What not a word, saith wenchlike fall thee what,

If thou dost thinke thy old trade out of date,

Go learne to play the bawde another while.

Airc. Inhumane wretch, why dost thou scorn her so,

And bere her grieved soule with bitter taunts?

Ruf. Because I will, she is a curtisan,

And one abhorred of the world for lust.

Airc. If all thy faults were in thy forehead writ,

Perhaps thou wouldest thy selfe appeare no lesse,

But much more horrible then she doth now.

Ruf. You are no iudge of mine sir.

Airc. Why not thou of her.

Ruf. The world hath iudged, and found her guiltie,

And tis the Kings command she be held outions.

Airc. The King of heauen commandeth other wise,

And if thou be not willing to relieue her,

Let it suffice thou see her miserable.

And

King Edward the fourth.

And I will not to amittise her grief.

Enter M. Blague very poorly & begging, with

her basker and clap-net.

What other too full spectacle comes here?

Spits it take that and spend it for my sake.

When Rufford lookes away, Aire throws his purse

to misters Shore.

Bl. Oh I am pincht with more then common want,

Where shall I find reliefe? a good gentleman,

Wittie & wretched man like to me,

And I will pray for ye. One halfe penne

for Christs sake, to comfort me withall.

Ruf. What M. Blague, do you? no more than I;

But you should be relievd, a halfe penne quotha?

I marrie sir, and so be hangde my selfe.

Not I, this Gentleman if he please,

Get you to your companion misters Shore,

And then there is a paire of quanes well met,

Now I bethinke me he got a for him,

And tell him that some will relieve Shores wife,

Orcept some officer there be appointed,

That carefully regards it be not so.

Ehere, of my selfe, will I make offer to him,

Which questionlesse he cannot but accept.

So shall I still pursue Shores wife with duty,

That scorned me in bettish to boyes of late.

Bl. Good Gentleman, how to your charity

One single halfe penne to helpe my need.

Aire. Not one, were I the master of a mine.

What? suspect thou that did betray thy friend?

He where he lies, in whom thou dost confide true.

And therefore rightly art thou scorned againe.

Thou thoughtst to be enticed by her goods,

But thou hast now lost both thy own and hers.

And for my part, I never should save thy life.

The second part of

Thou shouldst not get so much as a crum of bread,
Backe counterfeist, pathe a way dissembling draz.

Bla. Oh miserie, but shall I stay to looke
Her in her face to whom I so much haue wronged?

Ia. Yes misstris Blague I freely pardon you,
You haue done me no wrong, come sit by me
I was so in wealth: why not in pouertie?

Bla. Oh willingly if you can haue her presence,
Whom you haue greater reason to despise

Ia. Why woman, Richard that hath banisht me,
And seekes my ruine (cause hee though it be)
Do I in heart pray for, and will doe fully
Come thou and share with me what God hath sent,
A stranger gave it me, and part thereof

I do as freely now bestow on you.

Bla. I thanke you misstris shoare, this curtesie
Renewes the griefe of my inconstancie.

Enter master Shoare with reliefe for his
wife.

Sho. Wonder she sit, how like a withered tree,
That in winter leaues she and bereft
Of liuely sap, sit she poore a blent soule,
How much unlike the woman in the moone,
She was but yesterday a flower and blisse,
Is this worlds happiness: but who is that,
False misstris Blague, how canst thou brooke her face?

I thou wast alwaies milke and pittifull,
Oh hadst thou borne as chaunce, we had been blisse,

But now no more of that, thee shall not I see
So long as this, and such as this may serve.

Here misstris Shoare, stand on this point, Cates,
And there is to be done betweene us both.

Ia. Good sir your name, that pittie poore a blent soule,
That in my prayers I may remember you.

Sho. No matter for my name, I am a friend,
That loues you well, so farewell misstris Shoare,

When

King Edward the fourth.

When that is spent, I tolv to bring you more.

Ia. Gods blessing be your guide where ere you go,
Thus mistrie Blague you see amidst our tooe,
For all the world can doe, God sends reliefe,
And will not yet we perish in our griefe,
Come let vs step into some secret place.

Ila. Its not amisse, if you be so content,
For here the fields too open & frequent. Exeunt.
Where undisturbde we may partake this grace.

Master Shoare enters againe.

Sho. What is she gone so soone & alacke pooze Iane,
How I compassionate thy wofull case:
Whereas we kinde togither man and wife,
Sit on an humble stoole by the fire side,
State she contented, whenas my high beate
Would chide her for it. But what would she say:
Husband we both must lower sit one day,
When I dare sweare she never dreame of this.
But see good God what prophesying is.

Enter Rufford and Fogge, with the counterfait
letters Pattents, Shoare stands aside.

Ruf. This is King Richarda hand I know it well,
And this of thine is falsly counterfett,
As he himselfe would sweare it were his owne.

Sho. The Kings hand counterfett? list more of that.

Ruf. Whyp every letter, every little dash,
In all respects alike, now may I use
My transpotation of my coine and hides,
Without the danger of forbidding lawe,
And so I would have done in Edwards daies,
But that good mistrie Shoare did please to crosse me,
But marke how now I will requite her for it.
I moude my lute, and plainly told the king,
Some would religne her, if no man had charge,
To see severely to the contrarie,

The second part of

Forthwith his Grace appointed me the man,
And gave me officers to wait vpon mee,
Which will so countenance thy cunning worke,
As I shall no way be suspected in it: how saist thou Fog?

Fog. It will do well indeed:

But good sir haue a care in any case,
For else you know what harme may come thereon.

Ruf. A care saiest thou my man, I will not trust
My house, my strongest locks, nor any place,
But mine own bosome, there will I keepe it still,
If I miscarrie so doth it with me.

Sho. Are ye so cunning sir, I say no more;
Iane Shore or I may quitance you for this. Exit.

Ruf. Well Fog I haue contented thee,
Thou maist be gone, I must about my charge.
To see that none releue Shoares wife with ought. Exit Fog.

Enter the officers with bills.

Come on good fellows, you that must attend,
Bring Richards seruice vnder my command;
Your charge is to be herie vigilant,
ouer that trumpet whome they call Shoares wife;
If any traytour gine her but a mite,
A draught of water or a crust of bread,
Or any other food what ere it bee,
Lay hold on him, for it is present death.
By good King Richards proclimation,
This is her haunt, here stand I Sentinell,
Keepe you vnseene, and aide me when I call.

Enter Iockie and Ieffrey, with a bottle of Ale, Cheese, and
halfepennie loaves, to play at bowles, mistress Shoare
enters and sits where she was wont.

Ioc. How must I vnder colour of playing at bowles, help
till relieue my gude maiستres, maiستres Shore. Come Ieffrey,
wee will play fine vp for this bottle of Ale, and ponder gude
pure woman shall keepe the stakes, and this cheese shall bee
the maister.

They.

King Edward the fourth.

They play still towards her, & Iockie often breakes bread
and cheefe, & giues her, till Ieffrey being cald away,
and then he giues her all, and is apprehended.

Ruf. Here is a villaine that will not relieue her,
But yet heels loose, he bowles that way to helpe her,
Apprehend him fellows when I bid ye :
Although his mate be gone, he shall pay for it.
Take him and let the Beadles whip him well.

Ioc. Heare ye sir, shall they be whipt and hangd that giue
to the pure, then they shall be damnd that take fro the pure.
They lead him away.

Enter young Aire againe, and Shoare stands aloofe off.

Aire. Oh ponder sits the sweet forsaken soule,
To whom for ever I stand deeply bound :
She sau'd my life, then Aire helpe to save hers.

Ruf. Whither go ye sir?
You come to giue this Scumpet some reliefe.

Aire. She did moze good then euer thou canst doe,
And if thou wilt not pittie her thy selfe,
Gine others leaue by dutie bound thereto.
Here mistris Shoare, take this, and would to God
It were so much as my pooze heart could wish.

He giues his purse.

Sho. Who is it that thus pitties my pooze wife,
Tis W. Aire, Gods blessing on him for it.

Ruf. Darest thou do so Aire?

Aire. Rufford I dare do moze:

Here is my ring it waies an ounce of gold,
And take my cloake to keepe ye from the cold.

Ruf. Thou art a traitor Aire.

Aire. Rufford, thou art a villaine so to call me.

Ruf. Lay hold on him, attach him officers.

Aire. Rufford, he answer thine arrest with this,

The second part of

He drawes his rapier, but he is apprehended.

Ruf. All this contending sir will not aniole,
This treason will be rated at thy life.

Aire. Life is too little for her sake that sa'de it.

Sho. Is he a traitor? sir for doing good?

God save the King, a true heart means no ill.

I trust he hath reclaimed his sharpe edge,

And will not that his poorest subject perish,

And so perswaded I my selfe will doe

That which both love and nature binds me to.

I cannot giue her as she well deserves,

For she hath lost a greater benefite.

Woe woman take that purse.

Ruf. He take it now.

Sho. You shall not sir: for I will answer it,

Before the King if you enforce it so.

Ruf. It must be so, you shall onto the King.

Sho. You will be he will first repent the thing:

Come M. Aire, he beare ye companie,

Which wise men say doth ease calamitie. Exeunt.

Ia. If grieffe to speech free passage could afford,

O; for each woe I had a fitting word,

I might complaine, O; from floods of teares,

Could make a temple of minde, O; pounce dull cares,

O; wash away my cares, O; cleanse my crime:

With words & teares I would bewaile the time.

But it is bootlesse, why line I to see

All these despised that do pittie me?

Despise? alas, destroyd, and led to death,

That gave me almes here to prolong my breath.

Faire Dames behold, let my example proue,

There is no lonelike to a husbands loue. Exit.

Enter King Richard, Lovell, Catesbie, Rufford, Shoare,

and Aire pinioned and led betwixt two officers.

Glo. Now tell vs Rufford which of these it is,

That

King Edward the fourth.

That in the heate of his bypeached spleene,
Contemnes our crowne dishonours our dignitie,
And armes himselfe against authoritie.

Ruf. Both haue offended my dread soueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capitall,
These lines declare what, when, and where it was.

Glo. Which is that Aire?

Ruf. This young man my Liege.

Glo. I thought it was some hot distempred blood,
That fierd his giddie braine with businesse:
Is thy name Aire?

Aire. It is.

Glo. This paper saies so.

Aire. Verith may be that made that paper speake.

Glo. Ha? Dost thou with confusion vnto vs?

This paper is the Organ of our power,
And shall pronounce thy condemnation,
We make it speake thy treason to thy face,
And thy malitious tongue speakes treason still.
Relieu'st thou Shouers wife in contempt of vs?

Aire. No, but her will desert,
She sa'd my life, which I haue forfeited.
Whereby my goods and life she merited.

Glo. And thou shalt pay it in the selfe same place,
Where thou this man our officer didst outface,
And scowndest vs, saying if we stood by,
Thou wouldest relieue her.

Aire. I do it not denie.
For want of food her breath was neere explede,
I gaue her meates to buy it vnderfode,
And rather chuse to die for charitie,
Then live condemned of ingratitude.

Glo. Your good deuotion brings you to the gallows.
He hath his sentence, Rufford see him hangde.

They lead out Aire.

Now sir your name,

The second part of

Sho. Is it not written there?

Glo. Heres Mathew Flud.

Ruf. That is his name my Lord.

Glo. Is thy name Flud?

Sho. So ap. Rufford saies.

Glo. Flud and Aire the elements conspire,
In aire and water to confound our peler :

Didst thou reliese that hateful witch Shoares wife?

Sho. I did reliese that wofull witch Shoares wife.

Glo. Thou seemst a man well said and temperate.

Durst thou infringe our Proclamation?

Sho. I did not breake it.

Ruf. Yes and added moze.

That you would answer it before the King.

Sho. And added moze you would repent the thing.

Ruf. Who, I? his highnes knowes my innocence,
And readie service with my goods and life,
Answer thy treasons to his maiestie.

Gl. What canst thou say Flud why thou shouldst not die?

Sho. Nothing for I am mortall and must die,
When my time comes, but that I thinke not yet,
Although (God knowes) each houre I wish it were,
So full of dolor is my wearie life.

Now say I this, that I do knowe the man,
Which doth abette that traiterous libeller.

Who did compose and spread that slanderous rime
Which scandals you and doth abuse the time.

Glo. What libeller? another Collingborne?

That wot, The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our dog,
Do rule all England vnder a hog.

Canst thou repeat it Flud?

Sho. I thinke I can if you command me so.

Glo. We do command thee.

Sho. In this sort it goes.

The crooke backt Boare the way hath found,
To root our Roses from our ground,

Both

King Edward the fourth.

Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till King of beaſts the ſwine be crownde:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in hiſtrough feed and be fat.

Finis quoth *W. Fogge*, chiefe ſecretarie and counſellor:
to *W. Rufford*.

Glo. How ſaiſt thou *Flud*, doth *Rufford* ſoſter this?

Sho. He is a traitour if he do my Lord.

Ruf. I ſoſter it: dread Lord I aſke no grace,

If I be guiltie of this libelling,

Touchſafe me iuſtice as you are my prince,

Againſt this traitor: that accuſeth me.

Sho. What iuſtice can'ſt thou? I will combat thee,

In ſigne whereof I do unbutton me,

And in my ſhirt my challenge will maintaine,

Thou callſt me traitor, I will proue thee one,

Open thy boſome like me if thou dar'ſt.

Ruf. I will not be ſo rude before his grace.

Sho. Thou wilt not open the packe of thy diſgrace,
Because thy doublets ſtuff wiſh traiterous libels.

Glo. Careſbie teare off the buttons from his beſt.

What findſt thou there?

Cat. Your highnes hand and ſcale,

For transportation of hides, coine and lead.

Glo. Traitor, did I ſigne that commiſſion?

Ruf. O pardon me moſt royall King.

Glo. Pardon? to counterfeit my hand and ſcale?

Haue I beſtowed ſuch lone, ſuch countenance,

Such truſt on thee, and ſuch authoritie,

To haue my hand and ſignet counterfeit?

To cartie coine the ſoodes of all the land,

And lead, which after might annoy the land,

And hides, whoſe leather muſt relieue the land,

To ſtrangers, enemies vnto the land:

Didſt thou ſo neerly counterfeit my hand?

Ruf. Not I my Liege, but *Fogge* the attorney.

Glo.

The second part of

Glo. Away with him Louell and Catesbie, go,
Command the Sheriffes of London presently,
To see him drawne, and hangd, and quartered,
Let them not drinke befoze they see him dead.
Haste you againe.

Louell and Catesbie leade out Rufford.

Ruf. Well Flud thou art my death.

I might haue liued: haue seene thee lose thy head.

Sho. Thou hast but iustice for thy crueltie,
Against the guiltlesse soules in miserie,
I aske no sauiour if I mer it death.

Glo. Cran'st thou no sauiour: then I tell thee Flud
Thou art a traitor: breaking our edict,
By succouring that traitrous quean Shoares wife.
And thou shalt die.

Sho. If I haue broke the law.

Glo. If traitor: didst thou not giue her thy purse?
And dost thou not maintaine the deed?

Enter Louell and Catesbie againe.

Sho. I do, if it be death to the relenting heart,
Of a kind husband, wronged by a King,
To pittie his pooze weake seduced wife,
Whom all the world must suffer by command,
To pine and perishe for the want of foode:
If it be treason for her husband then,
In the deare bowels of his former loue,
To burie his own wrong and her misdeed,
And giue her meat whom he was wont to feed,
Then Shoare must die, for Flud is not my name,
Though once I tooke it to conceale my shame.
Pittie permits not injured Shoare passe by,
And see his once lou'd wife with famine die.

Glo. Louell and Catesbie, this is Shoare indeed,
Shoare, we confesse that thou hast p'stalledge,
And art excepted in our Proclamation,
Because thou art her husband whom it concernes,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And thou maist lawfully relieue thy wife,
Upon condition thou forgiue her fault,
Take her againe and vse her as before,
Hazard new homes; how saist thou, wilt thou Shoares?

Sho. If any but your grace should so vphold,
Such rude reproch should roughly be repaid.
Suppose for treason that the law condemnde,
Might I not feede her till her houre of death,
And yet my selfe no traitor for it?

Glo. Thou mightest.

Sho. And why not now? (O pardon me dread Lord)
When the haile had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a King did cause her blame,
May I not giue her foode to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife?

Glo. Except thou take her home againe to thee,
Then art a stranger, and it shall not be,
For if thou do, expect what doth belong.

Sho. I neuer can forget so great a wrong.

Glo. Then neuer feed her whom thou canst not love.

Sho. My charitie doth that compassion moue.

Glo. None vs no more, Louell let Aire be hangd,
Just in the place where he reliu'd Shoares wife:
Shoare hath his pardon for this first offence.
The name of husband pleads his innocence,
Away with them: Carebie come you with vs.

Exeunt.

Tockie is led to whipping-ouer the stage, speaking some
words, but of no importance. Then is young Aire brought
forth to execution, with the Sheriffe and Officers,

Mistris Shoare weeping, and Master Shoare
standing by.

Air. Good mistris Shoare, grieue me not with your tears,
But let me go in quiet to my end.

La. Alas poore soule,

Was neuer innocent thus put to death.

The second part of

Air. The moze my ioy, that I am innocent,
 App death is the lesse grievous, I am so.

Ia. Ah sp. Air, the time hath been ere now,
 When I haue kneeld to Edward on my knees,
 And begd for him, that now doth make me beg,
 I haue giuen him, when he hath begd of me,
 Though he forbids to giue me when I beg,
 I haue ere now relieu'd him and his,
 Though he and his denie reliefe to me:
 Had I been enuious then as Richard now,
 I had not staide, nor Edwards sons been murder'd,
 Nor Richard Hude to put you now to death.

Aire. The moze lane is thy vertue and his sinne.

Sher. Come sir dispatch.

Aire. Dispatch say you? dispatch you may it call,
 He cannot stay when death dispatcheth all.

Ia. Lord is my sinne so horrible and grievous,
 That I should now become a murderer?
 I haue saued the life of many a man condemn'd,
 But neuer was the death of man before:
 That any man thus for my sake should die,
 Afflicts me moze then all my miserie.

Aire. lane be content,
 I am as much indett'd vnto thee,
 As vnto nature, I owed thee a life,
 When it was forfeit vnto death by law,
 Thou begd'st it of the King and gau'st it me:
 This house of flesh wherein this soule doth dwell,
 Is mine, and thou art Landlabie of it,
 And this poore life a Tenant but at pleasure,
 It neuer came to pay the rent till now,
 But hath runne in arerage all this while,
 And now for verie shame comes to discharge it,
 When death distraines for what is but thy due.
 I had not ought thee so much as I doe,
 But by thy onely mercie to preserve it,

King Edward the fourth.

Whitill I loose it for my charitie,
Thou giu'st me moze then ouer I can pay,
Then do thy pleasure executioner,
And now farewell, kind vertuous mistris Shoare,
In heauen weele meete againe, in earth no moze.

Here he is executed.

Ia. Farewel, farewell, thou for thy almes dost die,
And I must end here starue in miserie,
In life my friend. in death ile not forsake thee,
Thou goest to heauen, I hope to ouertake thee.

Sho. Would what art thou? man euen from his birth,
Finds nothing else but miserie on earth,
Thou neuer (wozld) scowndst me so much before,
But I (vaine wozld) do hate thee ten times moze.
I am glad I see approaching death so nie,
Wozld thou hat'st me: I thee vaine wozld desie.

I praye yet good master officers,
Do but this kindnesse to poore watched soules,
As let vs haue the burfall of our friend,
It is but so much labour (saide) for you.

Sher. There take his body, burie it where you will,
So it be quickly done out of the way.

Exit Sheriffe and officers.

Ia. What's he that begs the burfall of my friend,
And hath so oftentimes relieved me?
Ah gentle sir, to comfort my sad woe,
Let me that good kind man of mercie know.

Sho. Ah lane, now there is none but thou and I
Looke on me well, knowest thou thy Mat. Shoare?

Ia. My Husband? then break heart and line no moze.

She souns and he supports her in his armes.

Sho. Ah my deare lane, comfort thy beaule soule,
Go not away so soone, a little stay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife may here together die.

Ia. How can I looke vpon my husbands face,

The second part of

That shame my selfe, and wrought his deep disgrace.

Sho. Iane be content, our woos are now alike,
With one selfe rod thou shalt God both vs strike,
If for thy sinne, he pray to heauen for thee,
And if for mine, do thou as much for me.

Ia. Ah Shoare, is possible thou canst forgive me?

Sho. Yes Iane I doe.

Ia. I cannot hope thou wilt:

My faults so great that I cannot expen it.

Sho. I saith I do, as freely from my soule,
As at Gods hands I hope to be forgiven.

Ia. Then God reward thee, for we now must part,
I feele cold death both seize vpon my heart.

Sho. And lets come to me, to here he lies,
I feele him ready to close vp mine eyes,
Lend me thy hand to barie this our friend,
And then we both will hasten to our end.

Here they put the bodie of young Airc into a
Coffin, & then he sits downe on the one
side of it and she on the other.

Ia. Sit thou there, here I my place will haue,
Giue me thy hand, thus we embrace our graue,
Ah Iane, be that the depth of woos will see,
Let him but now behold our miserie:
But be content this is the best of all,
Lower then now we are, we cannot fall.

Ia. Ah, I am saint, how happie Airc art thou,
Not feeling that which both shall be now.

Sho. Oh happie graue, to be this comfort giuing,
Here lies two liuing dead, here one dead liuing,
Here for his sake, to this we do for thee,
Thou lookst for one, and art posses of three.

Ia. Oh dying marriage, oh sweet married death,
Thou graue which onely thou dost part faithfull friends,
Bringst vs together, and dost vpne our bands,
Oh liuing death, euen in this dying life,

King Edward the fourth.

Yet ere I goe, once Mathew kisse thy wife.

He kisseth her and she dyes.

Sh. Ah my sweet lane, farewell, farewell pooze soule,
How tyrant Richard do the worst thou canst.
She doth desire thee, oh unconstant world,
Here lyes a true anatomie of thee,
A King had all my ioy, that her inlopd,
And by a King againe she was dostruide:
All ages of my Kingly woes shall tell,
Once moze inconstant world farewell, farewell.

he dyes.

Enter sir Robert Brackenburie, with two or three
of his seruants.

Br. Sirs if the King, or else the Duke of Buckingham
Do send for me I will attend them straight,
But what are these here openly lie dead,
Oh Cock, the one is mistris Shoare, & this is Flud
That was my man: the third is M. Aire,
Who suffered death for his relieuing her,
They shall not thus lye open in the waie:
Lend me your hands, and heauie hearts withall,
At mine owne charge Ile giue them buriall.
They beare them thence.

Enter K. Richard crowned, Buckingham, Aire of
Warwicke, Louell, Garesble, Fog & attendants.

Rich. Most noble Lords since it hath pleased you,
Beyond our expectation on your bounties,
To temple my temples with the Diademe,
How farre my quiet thoughts haue stur been,
From this so great maiesties lower sitte,
Heauen best can witnesse: now I am your King,
Long may I be so, so deserve your loue,
But I will be a seruant to you all,
May God my broken sleepes may giue you rest.

The second part of

But onely that my blood both challenge it;
Being your lawfull Prince by true succession,
I could haue wisht, with all my heart I could,
This maiestie had sitten on the hylve
Of any other: so much do I affect a private life,
To spend my dayes in contemplation.
But since that heauen and you will haue it so,
I take the crowne as meekely at your hands,
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,
As any new borne babe. Thus must thou Richard
Seeme as a saint to men in outward shew, aside.
Being a verie diuell in thy heart:
Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keepe them close from overlookers eyes.

Buc. By Soueraigne, by the generall consent
Of all the Loyds and commons of the land,
I tender to your royall maiestie,
This princely Lady, the Lady Anne of Warwick,
Iudged the onely worthiest of your loue,
To be your highnesse bride, faire Englands Queen.

Rich. By royall Princely Cousin Buckingham,
I see you strine to blesse me moze and moze,
Your bountie is so large and ample to me,
You overflow my spirits with your great loue,
I willingly accept this vertuous Princesse,
And crowne her Angell beaultie with my loue.

Lo. Then as the hand of your high parliament,
I giue her here into your maiestie.

Rich. Lord Lovell I as heartily receiue her,
Welcome faire Queens.

C. And from the Loyds and commons of your land,
I giue the free and voluntarie oath,
Of their allegiance to your maiestie,
As to their soueraigne and liege Loyd and Lady,
Richard the third, and beauntious Anne his Queen,
The true and lawfull King and Queen of England.

Rich

King Edward the fourth.

Rich. I do accept it Catesbie, and returne
Exchange of mutuall and partie loue.
Now Fog too, that in your traisterous Libels,
Besides the counterfeiting of our hand and seale:
For Rufford, though so great a fault deserueth
To suffer death as he already hath,
Going about to smother our renowne,
And wound vs, with reproch and infamie;
Yet Fog that thou thy selfe maist plainly see,
How farre I am from seeking sharpe reuenge,
Fogge I forgive thee, and withall we doe
Repeale our beauid sentence against Shoares wife,
Restoyring all her goods: for we intend,
With all the world now to be perfect friends.

Cat. Why my good Lord, you know she is dead already.

R. True Catesbie, else I had nere spoke such words, aside.
Alas I see our kindnesse comes too late,
For Catesbie tels me she is dead already.

Cat. I my good Lord so is her husband too.

Rich. Would they had liued, to see our friendly change,
But Catesbie, say, where liue Shoare and his wife?

Cat. Where Ake was hangde for giuing her reliefe,
There both of them round circling his cold grane,
And arme in arme departed from this life:
The people for the loue they beare to her,
And her kind husband, pittyping his wrongs,
For euer after meane to call the ditch,
Shoares Ditch, and in the memorie of them,
Their bodies in the friers minowites,
Are in one grane entered all together,
But mistris Blague for her ingratitude,
To mistris Shoare, lies dead vnburied,
And no one will affoord her buriall.

Rich. But mistris Blague she shal haue buriall too;
What now we must be friends, indeed we must,
And now my Lords I giue you all to know,

The second part of 1. 4. 11

In memorie of our eternall lone,
 I doe ordaine an order of the bathe,
 Twelve knights in number of that royall sort,
 Which order with all princely ceremonies,
 Shall be obserued in all royall pompe,
 As Edwards our sojefather of the garter,
 Which feast our selfe and our beloned queene,
 Will presently solemnize in our person.

Buc. Now am I bold to put your grace in mind
 Of my long sute, and partly your olone promise,
 The Earle of Herefords land.

Rich. Colin wele better thinks of that hereafter.

Buc. Opp paines my Lord hath not deserude delay.

Ric. Will you appoint our time, then shall you say.
 For this hot hastinesse sir you shall say,
 Spooner vs no more you were best.

Buc. I Richard, is it come to this?
 In my first sute of all best thou denie me
 Breaks thine olone word and torne me off to sightlesse.
 Richard thou hadst as good haue damnde thy soule,
 As basely thus to deale with Buckingham.
 Richard lie sir vpon thy crumpled shoulder:
 I faith I will if heauen will giue me leaue;
 And Harrie Richmond, this hand alone,
 Shall fetch thee home, and seat the in his throne.

Exit.

Rich. What is he gone in heat, why farewel he,
 He is displeasde, let him be pleasse againe,
 We haue no time to thinke on angrie men:
 Come my sweet Queene, let vs go solemnize
 Our knight-hoods o're in most royall wise.

Exeunt.

EINIS.

